☆☆ M 112.11

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Rankin's Musical Macbeth.

Mr. McKee Rankin has for years entertained the desire to present the tragedy of Macbeth in a realistic manner, and finding himself now, as manager of the California Theater, San Francisco, in a position to indulge in the realization of his long-cherished project, he has made arrangements to that end. Macbeth was, accordingly, presented at Mr. Rankin's theater last Monday, with Mr. Rankin himself in the title role, Miss Ellie Wilton as Lady Macbeth, Mr. Frederick de Belleville as Banquo, Mr. Harkins as Macduff, and Dr. C. B. Bishop as the First Witch. The rest of the cast is full of promise, but the cast is a secondary affair in this production, which Mr. Rankin intends shall eclipse from a spectacular point of view any Shakespearean revival that has yet been seen in America.

The circumstance of the presence in San Francisco of Mr. Edgar S. Kelley, a young composer who has written some Macbeth music which has attained considerable favor, seems to have been the principal reason that Mr. Rankin determined upon this Macbeth revival just at this particular juncture, and Mr. Kelley's music was heard on the occasion, and with excellent effect. Several composers of note (Sir Arthur Sullivan, for instance), have written Macbeth music; but this has usually been performed during the entr'actes instead of during the progress of the play. In Mr. Rankin's present production, however, the music and the drama were presented simultaneously, and the arrangement seems to have been very successful. In the incantation scene, especially, the band produced all manner of blood-curdling sounds, and the stage being darkened and filled with all manner of horrific imps, demons, goblins, and harmless creatures, the audience experienced a "creepy" effect which was deliciously awful. Mr. Kelley's music likewise aided very materially in heightening the effect of the banquet scene—more particularly "Banquo's ghost" music.

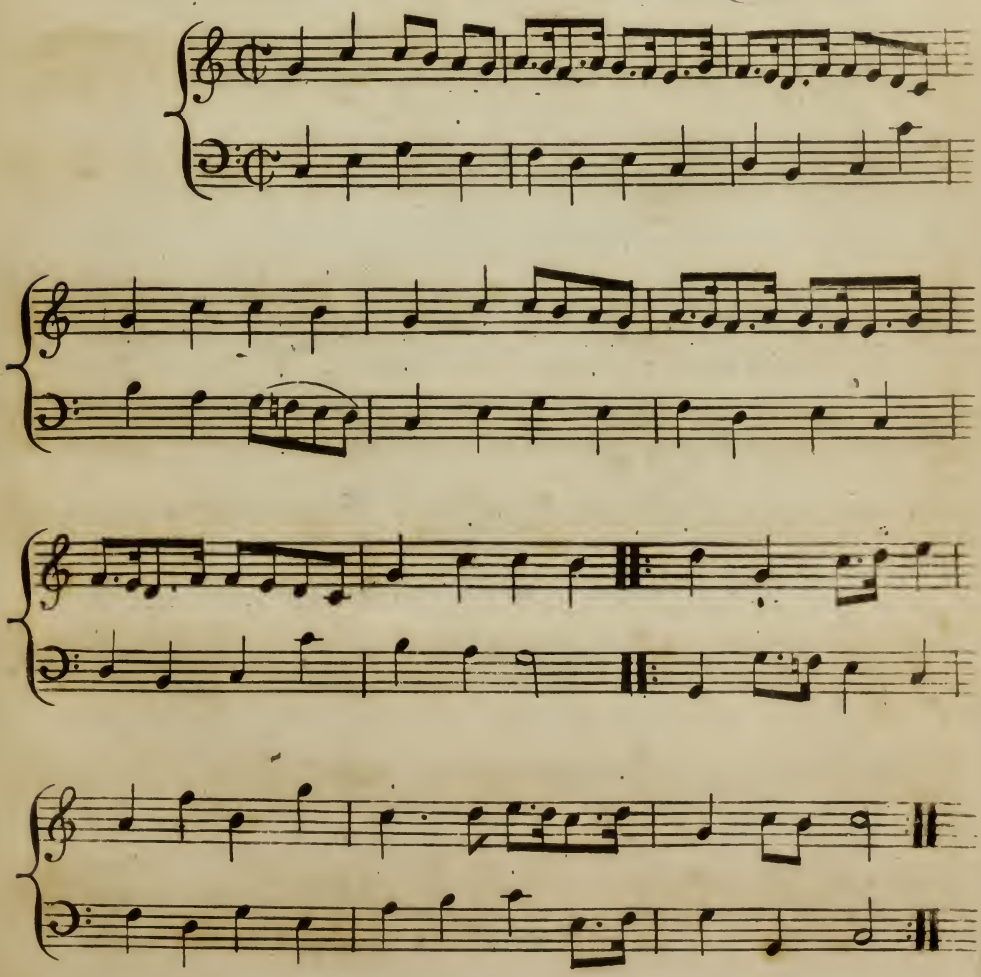
A California contemporary, by the way, remarks with evident satisfaction that this ghost was a "real" ghost—none of your tin armor and green gauze ghosts, but a regular Simon Pure Cock Lane affair, that you could bang with a club or stab with a sword or put your fist clean through him, and he would still smile aggravatingly at you. The "howlet's cry" was also imitated by the band in a manner so terribly exact that it is reported that an exodus of rats immediately took place from the theater where they have resided for years, such as has not been paralleled since the fulfillment of his contract to clear the city of Hamelin by the celebrated Pied Piper. The "clamoring of the obscene bird of night" is also produced with startling fidelity to nature by Mr. Kelley (who led the orchestra in person on the opening night); and the highly imaginative and audacious young composer has made several other musical innovations, some of which are very agreeable and certainly tend to relieve what it must be confessed is ordinarily one of the most tedious of Shakespeare's plays. For instance, the introduction of the Royal Gaelic March in the banquet scene helps the auditor a good deal in supposing that the gorgeously gilded flagons contain "mead" or "metheglin," or whatever it was that the Thanes used to get so gloriously drunk upon—and the meeting between Macbeth and the witches on the "blasted heath" is made attractive by a *galop infernale*. In the sleep-walking scene, Mr. Kelley has availed himself of certain of the movements from Bellini's Somnambula, and the "drunken porter" awakened by the knocking at the castle gates at 5 A. M. creates a splendid effect by a song which immediately suggests that of La Perichole after she has taken dinner with the Viceroy. Altogether, the Kelley-Rankin Musical Macbeth is extremely well done, and is a long way more entertaining than the ordinary productions of the tragedy. The scenery, by Mr. John Mazzanovich, is exquisitely painted.

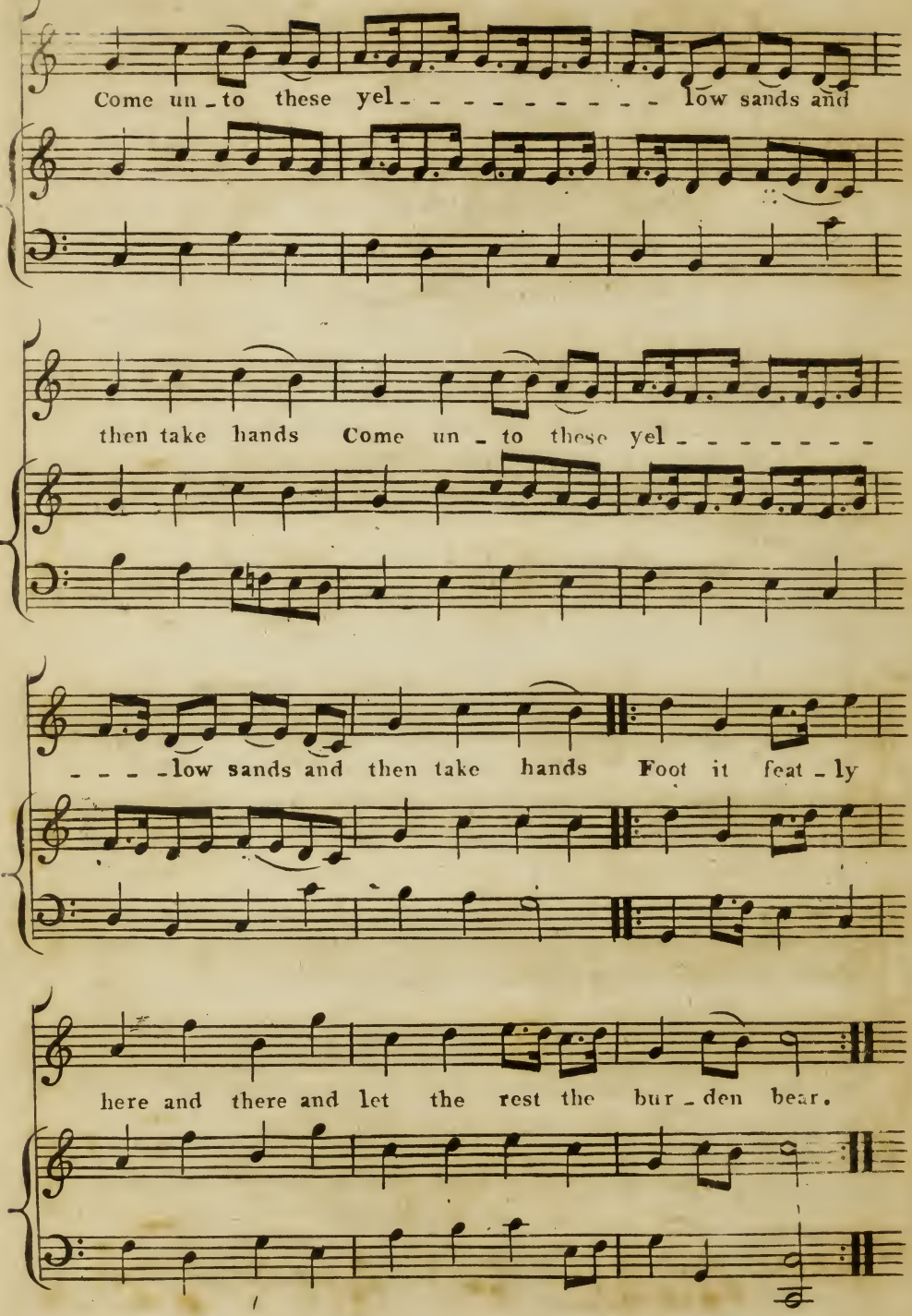
* M. 112. 11
Allen A Brown
Aug 14. 1894

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

TEMPEST.

Composed by H. Purcell. *Arranged by J. Addison*




Come un - to these yel - - - - - - - - - low sands and
then take hands Come un - to these yel - - - - - - -
- - - - low sands and then take hands Foot it feat - ly
here and there and let the rest the bur - den bear.

CHORUS

Comp: by Purcell. Arrang: by J. Addison.

Soprano

Hark hark the watch dogs bark hark hark I hear the

Alto

Hark hark the watch dogs bark hark hark I hear the

Tenor

Hark hark the watch dogs bark hark hark I hear the

Bass

Hark hark the watch dogs bark hark hark I hear the

PIANO FORTE

strain of Chanticlere hark hark I hear the strain of Chanticlere

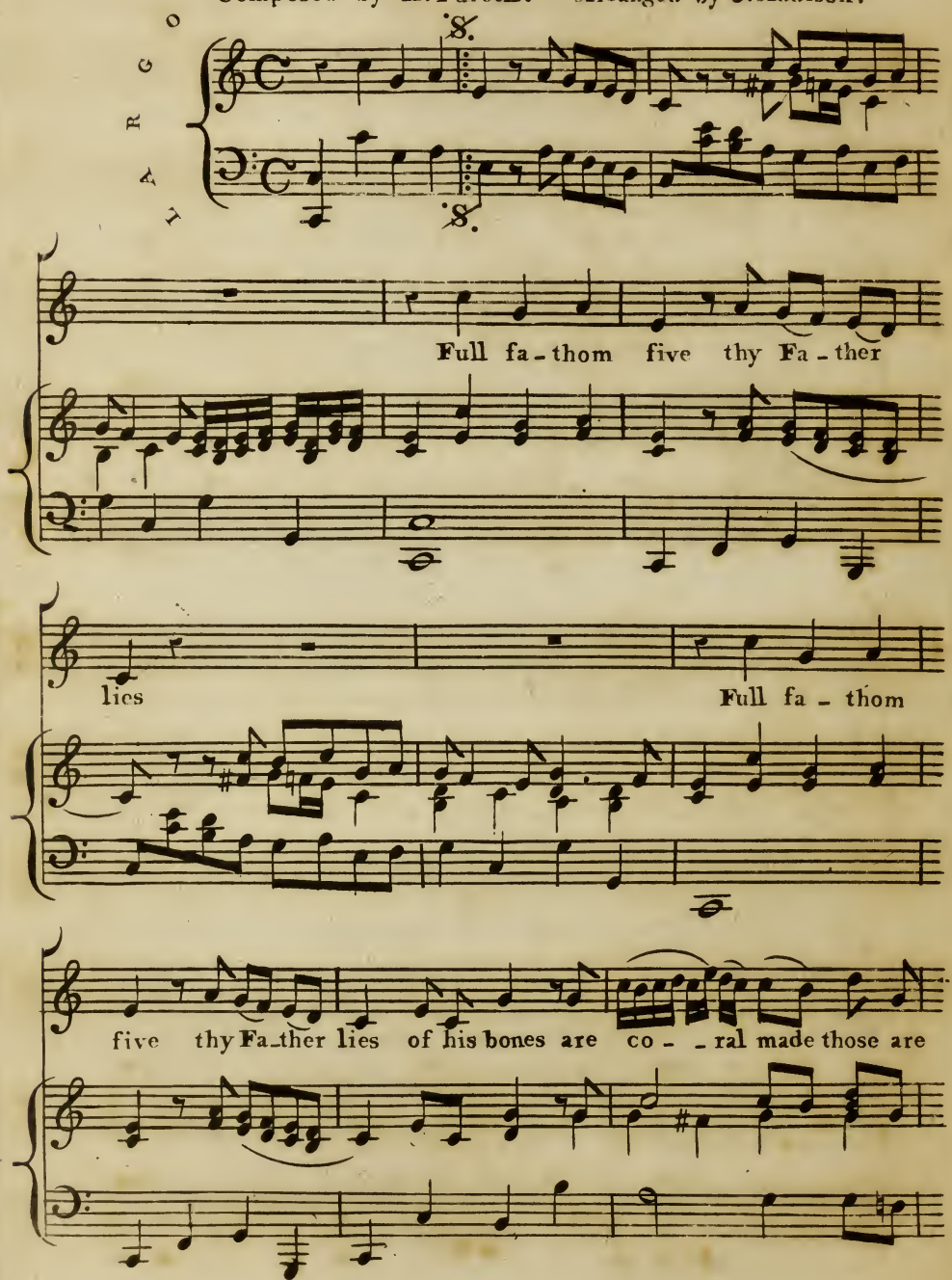
strain of Chanticlere hark hark I hear the strain of Chanticlere

strain of Chanticlere hark hark I hear the strain of Chanticlere

strain of Chanticlere hark hark I hear the strain of Chanticlere

FULL FATHOM FIVE.

Composed by H. Purcell. Arranged by J. Addison.



pearls that were his eyes no - - - - - thing of him that doth

1st 2d

fade fade But doth suffer doth suf_fer a sea

change In to some thing rich and strange But doth suffer doth suffer a

sea change in to some thing rich and strange.

CHORUS.

Comd by Purcell. Arranged by J. Addison.

Soprano.

Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell Hark now I hear them

Alto.

Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell Hark now I hear them

Tenor.

Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell Hark now I hear them

Bass.

Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell Hark now I hear them

PIANO FORTE

ding dong ding dong bell hark now I hear them ding dong ding dong bell

ding dong bell hark now I hear them ding dong bell

ding dong bell hark now I hear them ding dong bell

ding dong bell hark now I hear them ding dong bell

Hark now I hear them Hark now I hear them Hark now I hear them

Hark now I hear them Hark now I hear them Hark now I hear them

Hark now I hear them Hark now I hear them I hear them

Hark now I hear them Hark now I hear them Hark now I hear them

DIM:

ding dong bell ding ding dong bell ding dong bell

ding dong bell ding ding dong bell ding ding dong bell

ding dong bell ding ding dong bell ding ding dong bell

ding dong bell ding ding dong bell ding ding dong bell

DIM:

NO MORE DAMS I'LL MAKE FOR FISH.

Compd by Smith — Arranged by J Addison

ALLEGRETTO.

Flutes — tutti — Horns

CALIBAN

No more dams I'll make for

Flutes

fish Nor fetch fi_ring at re_quiring Nor scrape trencher nor wash

Horns

dish Ban Ban Ca Cali_ban Has a new mas_ter get a new

man.

f

No more dams I'll make for fish No more

p

dams Ill make for fish Nor fetch fi_ring at re_

_quir_ing nor scrape trencher nor wash dish No more

dams I'll make for fish Nor fetch fi - - ring at re-

- - quiring nor scrape trencher nor wash dish Ban

f

Ban Ca Ca - li - ban has a new mas - ter get a new man

p

Ban Ban Ca Ca - li - ban has a new mas - ter

p

f

has a new mas_ter has a new

mas_ _ ter get a new man Ban Ban Ca Ca_li_

f

_ _ban has a new mas_ter get a new man.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

Compd by Dr Arne. Arrand by J. Addison.

ALLEGRETTO.

a mezza voce

f

p

Where the Bee sucks there lurk

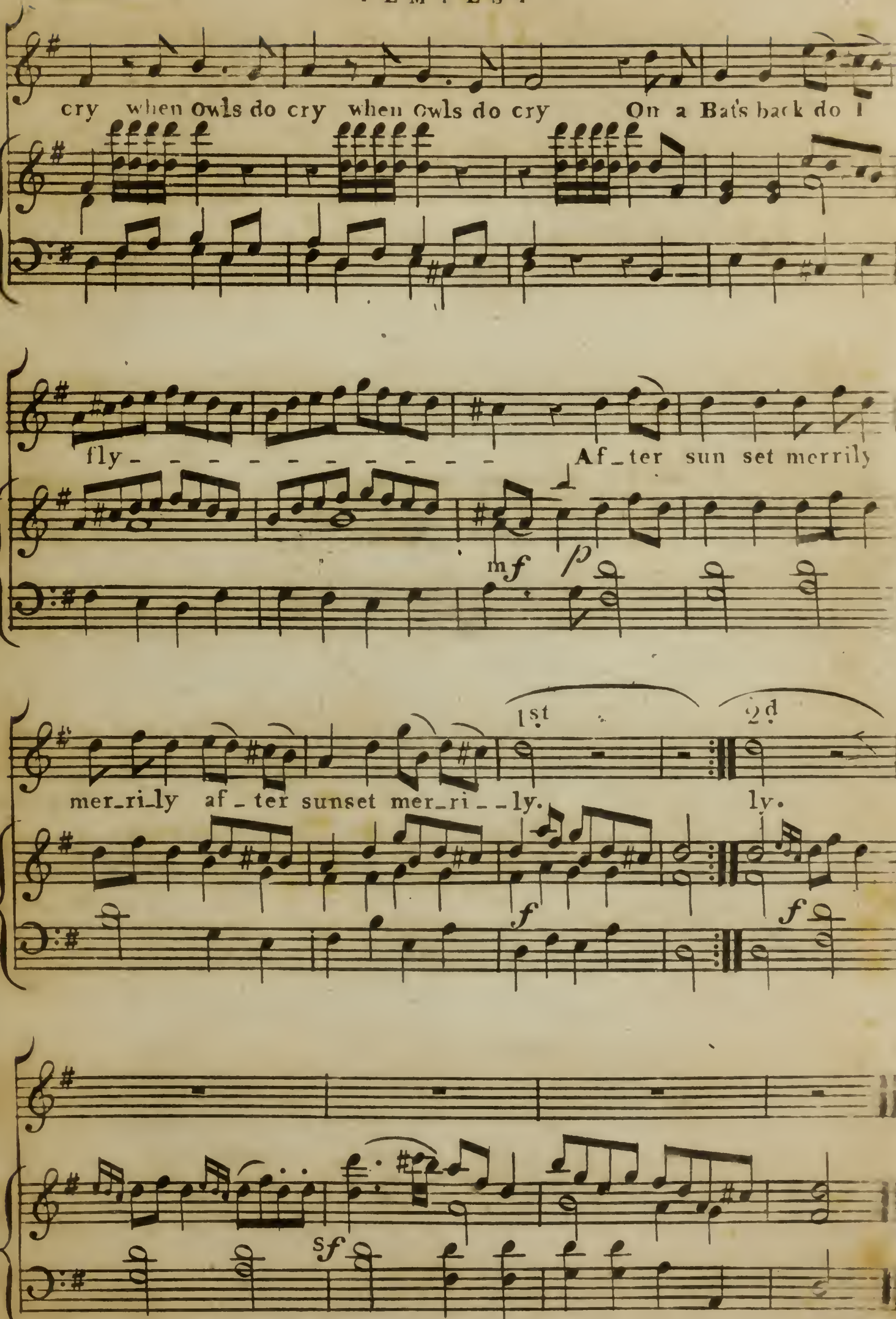
cres

f

p

I In a Cowslip's bell I lie There I couch when Owls do

mf


cry when Owls do cry when Owls do cry On a Bat's back do I
fly _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ Af_ter sun set merrily
mer_ri_ly af _ ter sunset mer_ri_ _ly.
1st
2d
ly.
mf
p
f
sf

Merrily merrily shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the

p

bough merrily merrily shall I live now Un - der the

blossom that hangs on the bough Un-der the blossom that hangs on the

bough.

f

CATCH

STEPHANO, TRINCULO, AND CALIBAN.

Comp^d by H. Purcell. Arranged by J. Addison.

Flout 'em and scout 'em and scout 'em and flout 'em and

Flout 'em and scout 'em and scout 'em and flout 'em and

Flout 'em and scout 'em and scout 'em and flout 'em and

scout 'em and flout 'em thoughts are free.

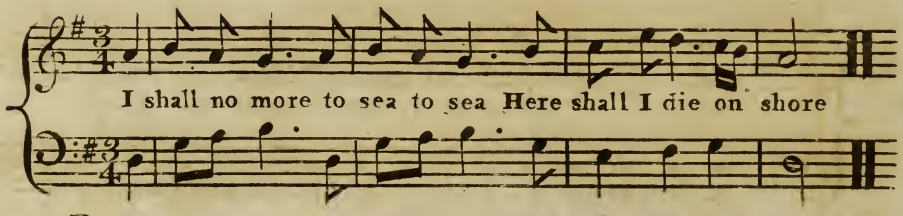
scout 'em and flout 'em thoughts are free.

scout 'em and flout 'em thoughts are free.

STEPHAND'S SONGS

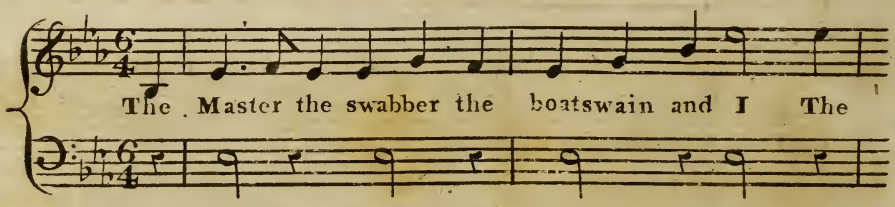
as Sung by

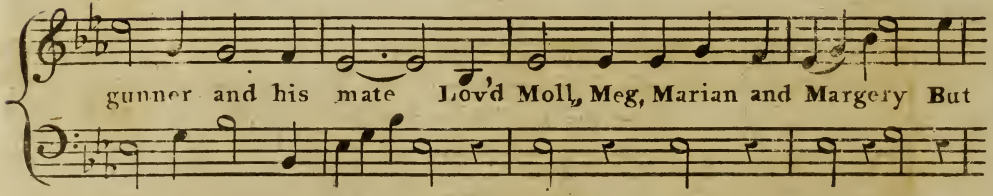
MR BANNISTER



Speaking { This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
— Well, here's my comfort. (Drinks.)

THE MASTER THE SWABBER THE BOATSWAIN & I





In consequence of these little Pieces being performed without accompani-ments, they are not to be found in either of the Theatrical Libraries, and hav only been preserved orally; the above are collected and put into a regular for by Mr Addison from the manner they were Sung by Mr Bannister, at th Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

none of us card for Kate, For she had a tongue with a

tang, that would cry to a Sailor go hang She

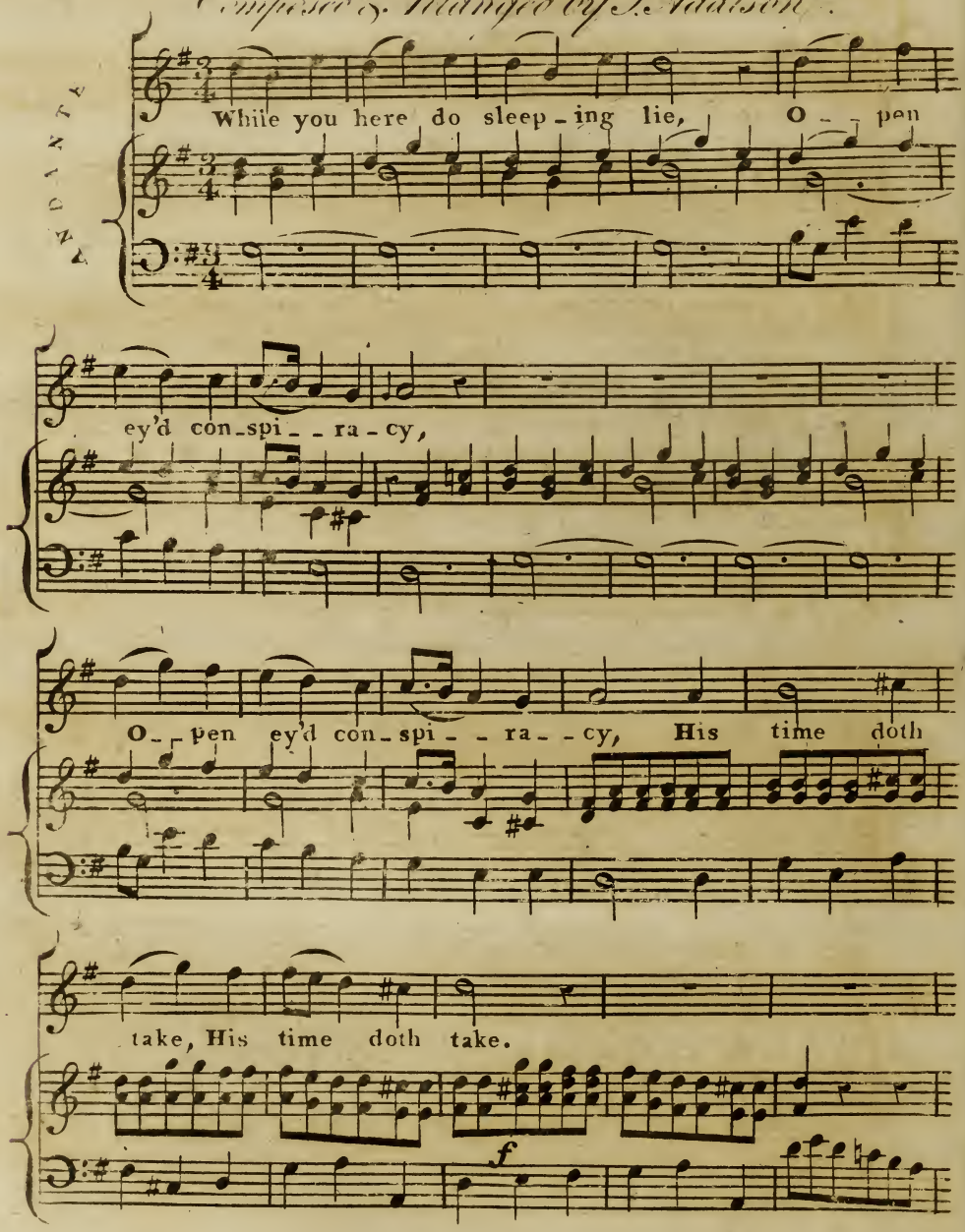
lov'd not the savour of tar or pitch While for a poor Tailor she

had a great itch Then to sea boys and let her go

hang Then to sea boys and let her go hang

While you here do sleeping lie.

Composed & Arranged by J. Addison.



If of life you keep a care shake off slumber

shake off slumber shake off slum_ber and be_ware. a_

_wake. a_wake. shake off

slum_ber and be_ware.

O BID YOUR FAITHFUL ARIEL FLY.

Composed by Thos. Linley, Junr. Arranged by J. Addison.

ALLEGRO MODERATO

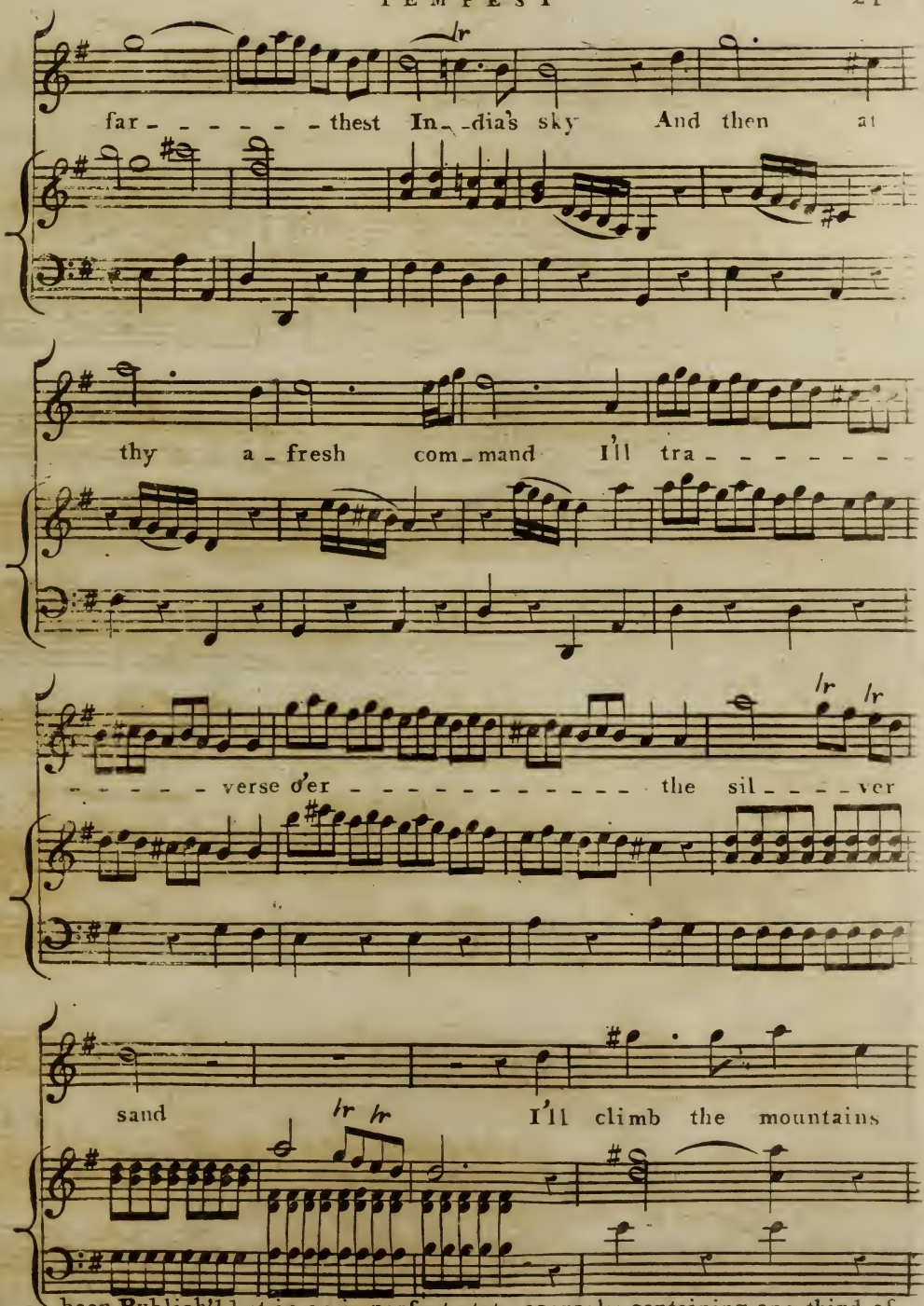
f *p*

f *p*

O! bid your faith - ful A - - riel fly to the

p

This admird Song, following Symphony, and Grand Chorus, is Engraved fro
the Author's M.S. by Permission of W. Linley Esqr. and has never before



been Publish'd but in an imperfect state, scarcely containing one third of the original Composition.

plunge the deep I'll climb the mountains plunge the deep I like mortals

pp

never sleep I like mortals ne_ver sleep I like mortals

3

ne_ver sleep I like mor _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

_ _ _ _ _ _ _tals ne _ _ _ _ _ ver sleep O bid your

lr

cres *f* *p*

faith_ _ful A_ _ _riel fly to the far_ _ _ _

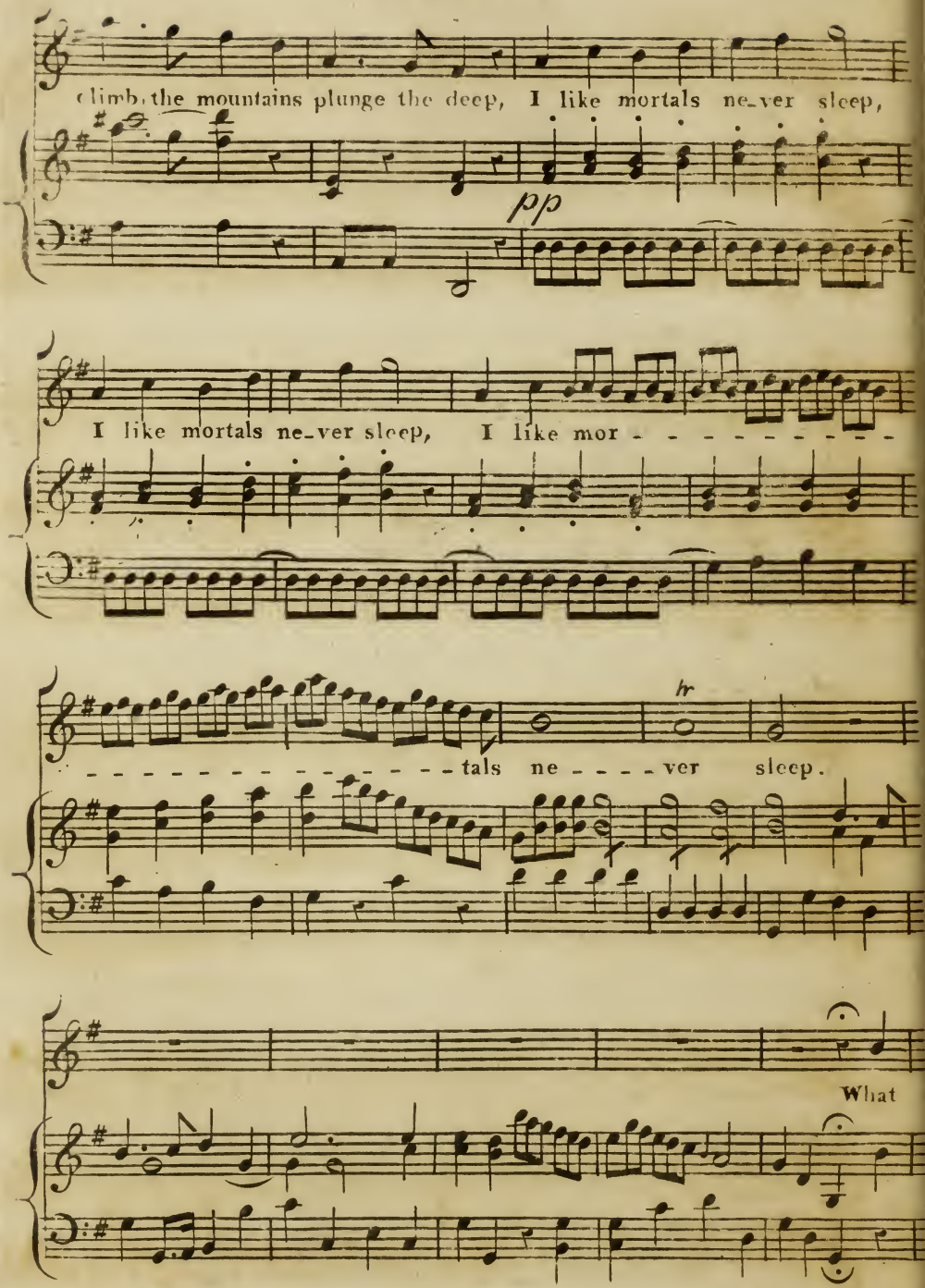
_ _ _ _ _ thest In_ _ _dies sky And then at thy a_

_ _ fresh com_mand I'll tra_vers o'er the sil_ver sand I'll

pp

travers o'er the silver sand I'll climb the mountains plunge the deep I'll

ff


climb the mountains plunge the deep, I like mortals ne_ver sleep,
pp
I like mortals ne_ver sleep, I like mor - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - tals ne - - - - ver sleep.
hr
What

e'er it be, not with ill will, but merrily, merrily,

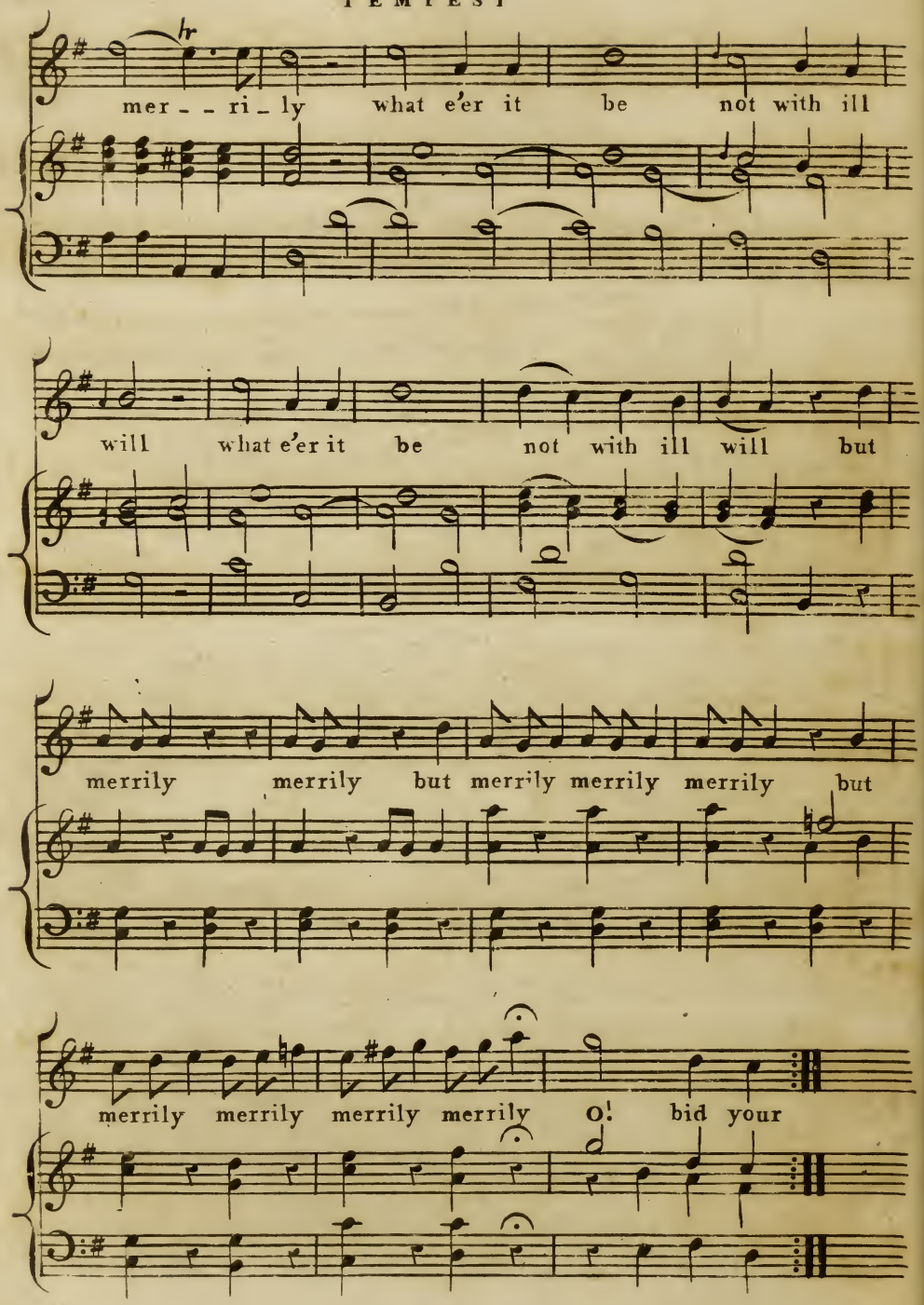
Oboe

merrily, but merrily, merrily, merrily, what e'er it be,

Oboe

not with ill will, but merrily, merrily,

merrily, merrily, not with ill will, but

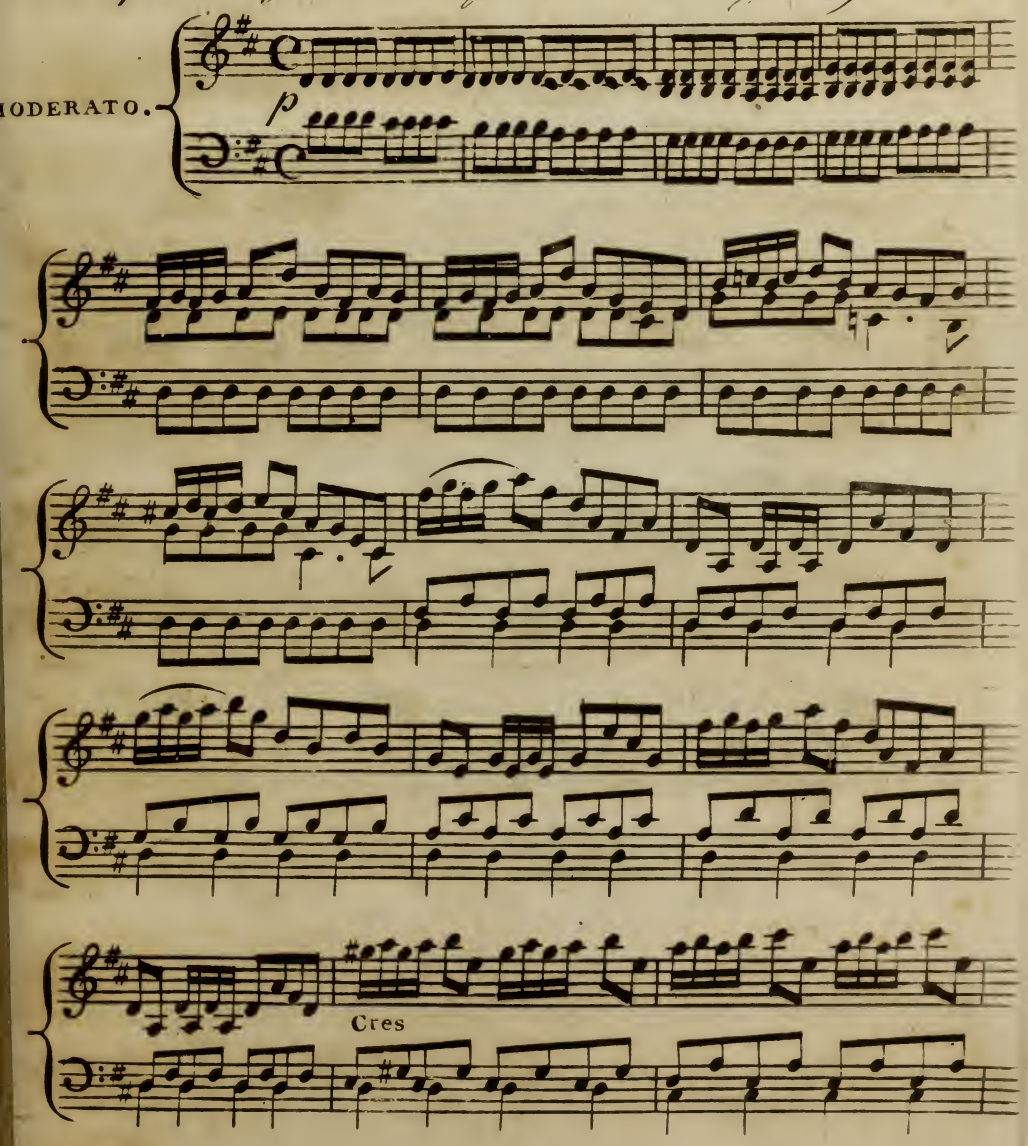

mer - - ri - ly what e'er it be not with ill
will what e'er it be not with ill will but
merrily merrily but merrily merrily merrily but
merrily merrily merrily merrily O! bid your

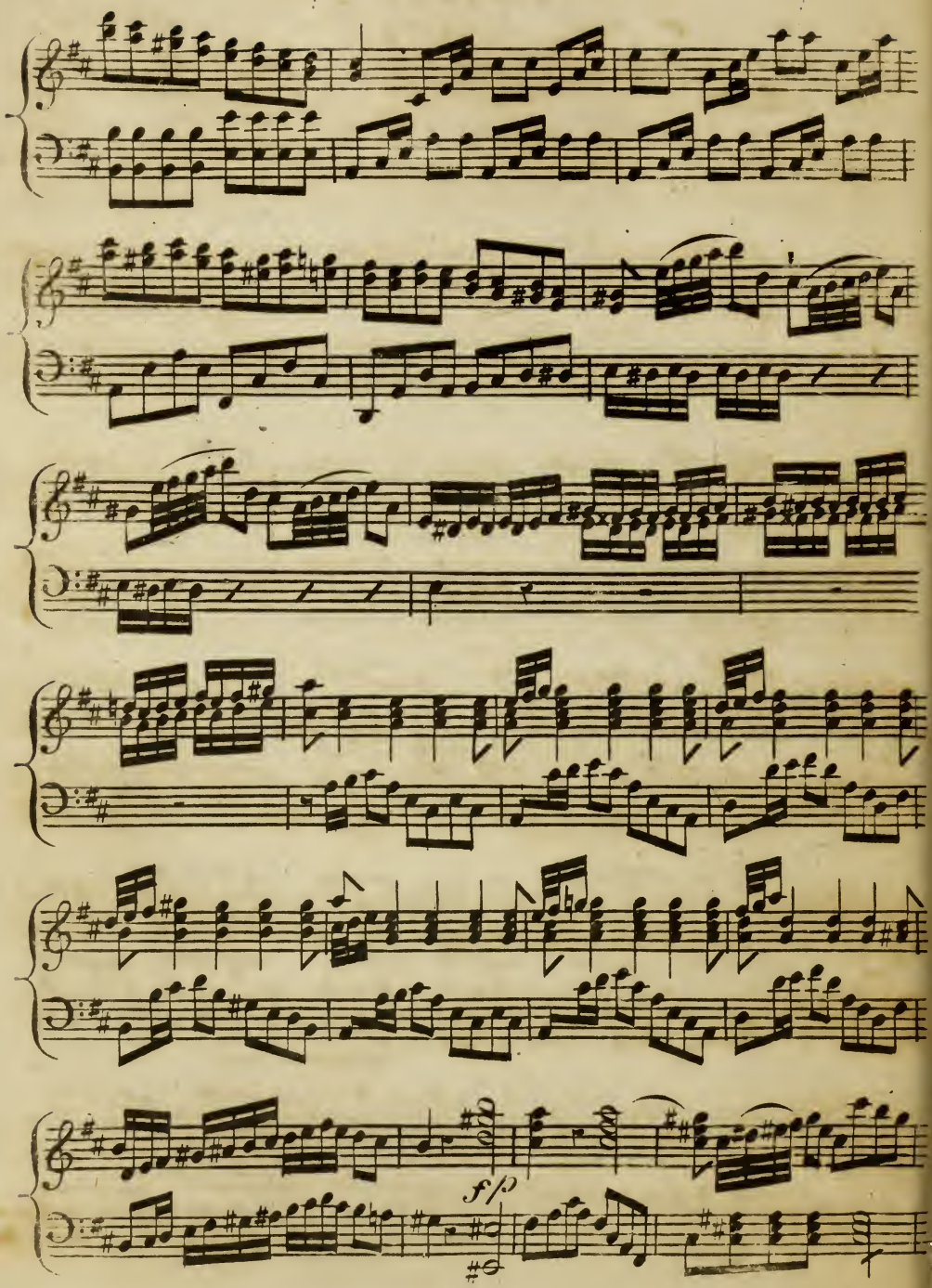
SYMPHONY & GRAND CHORUS,

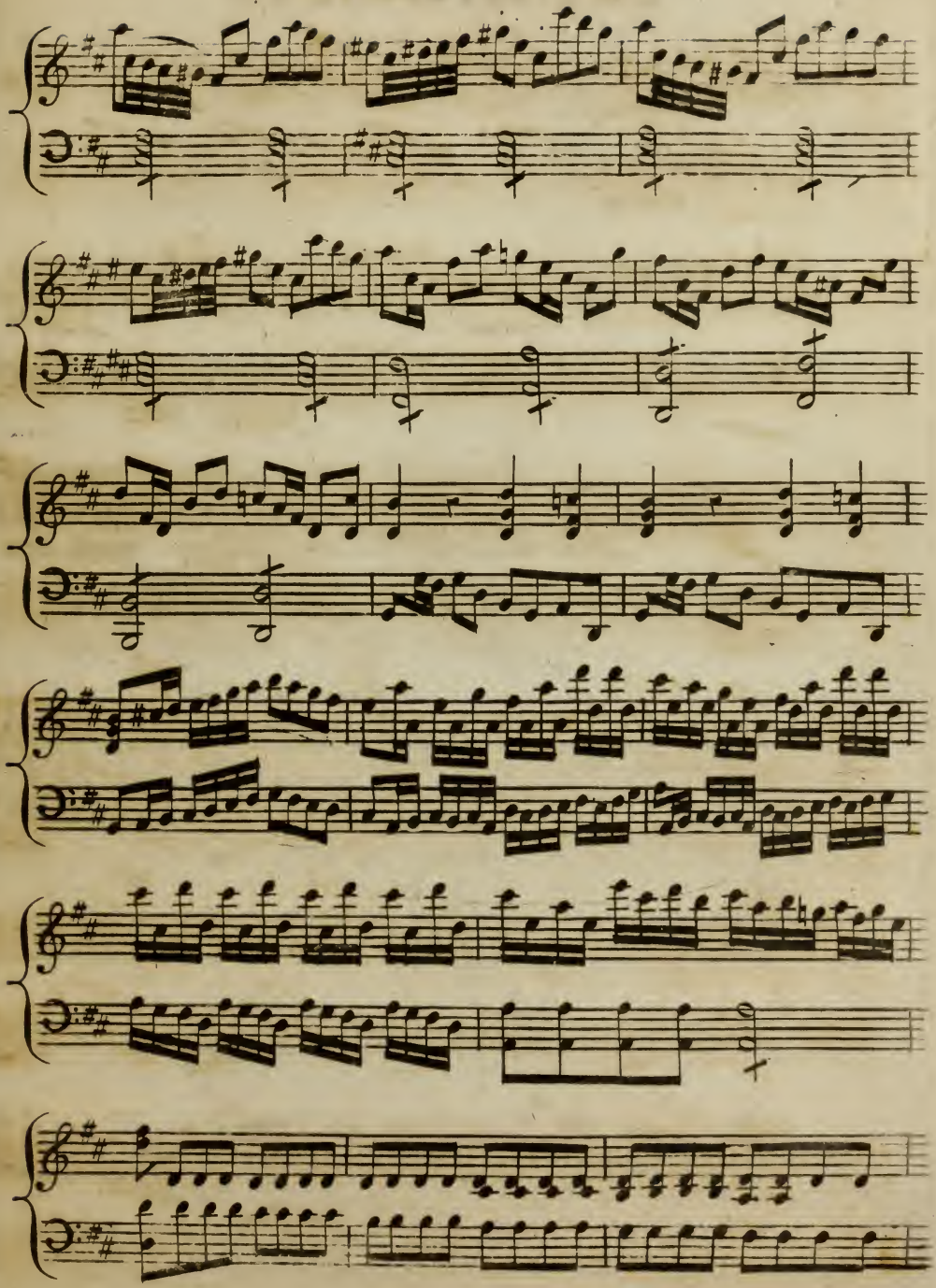
descriptive of a

Storm & Shipwreck.

Composed by Thos. Linley Junr. Arranged by J. Addison.




fp



GRAND CHORUS

Treble. A_rise A_rise A_

Alto. A_rise A_rise A_

Tenor. A_rise A_rise A_

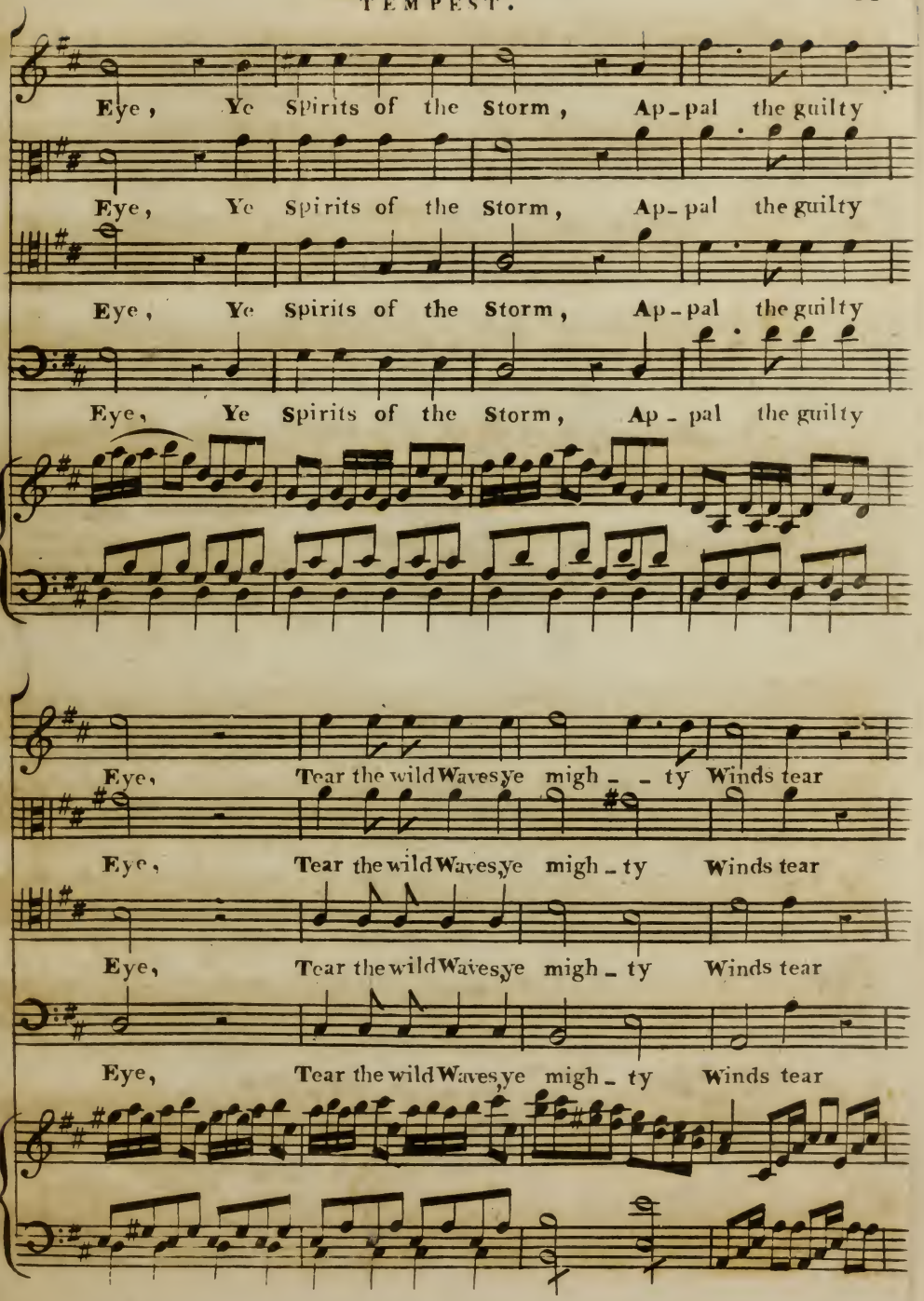
Bass. A_rise A_rise A_

_rise Ye Spirits of the Storm Ap_pal the guilty

_rise Ye Spirits of the Storm Ap_pal the guilty

_rise Ye Spirits of the Storm Ap_pal the guilty

_rise Ye Spirits of the Storm Ap_pal the guilty


Eye, Ye Spirits of the Storm, Ap-pal the guilty
Eye, Ye Spirits of the Storm, Ap-pal the guilty
Eye, Ye Spirits of the Storm, Ap-pal the guilty
Eye, Ye Spirits of the Storm, Ap-pal the guilty
Eye, Tear the wild Waves, ye migh-ty Winds tear
Eye, Tear the wild Waves, ye migh-ty Winds tear
Eye, Tear the wild Waves, ye migh-ty Winds tear
Eye, Tear the wild Waves, ye migh-ty Winds tear

tear tear tear the wild Waves ye migh_ty migh__ty

tear tear tear the wild Waves ye migh_ty Winds

tear tear tear the wild Waves ye migh_ty migh__ty

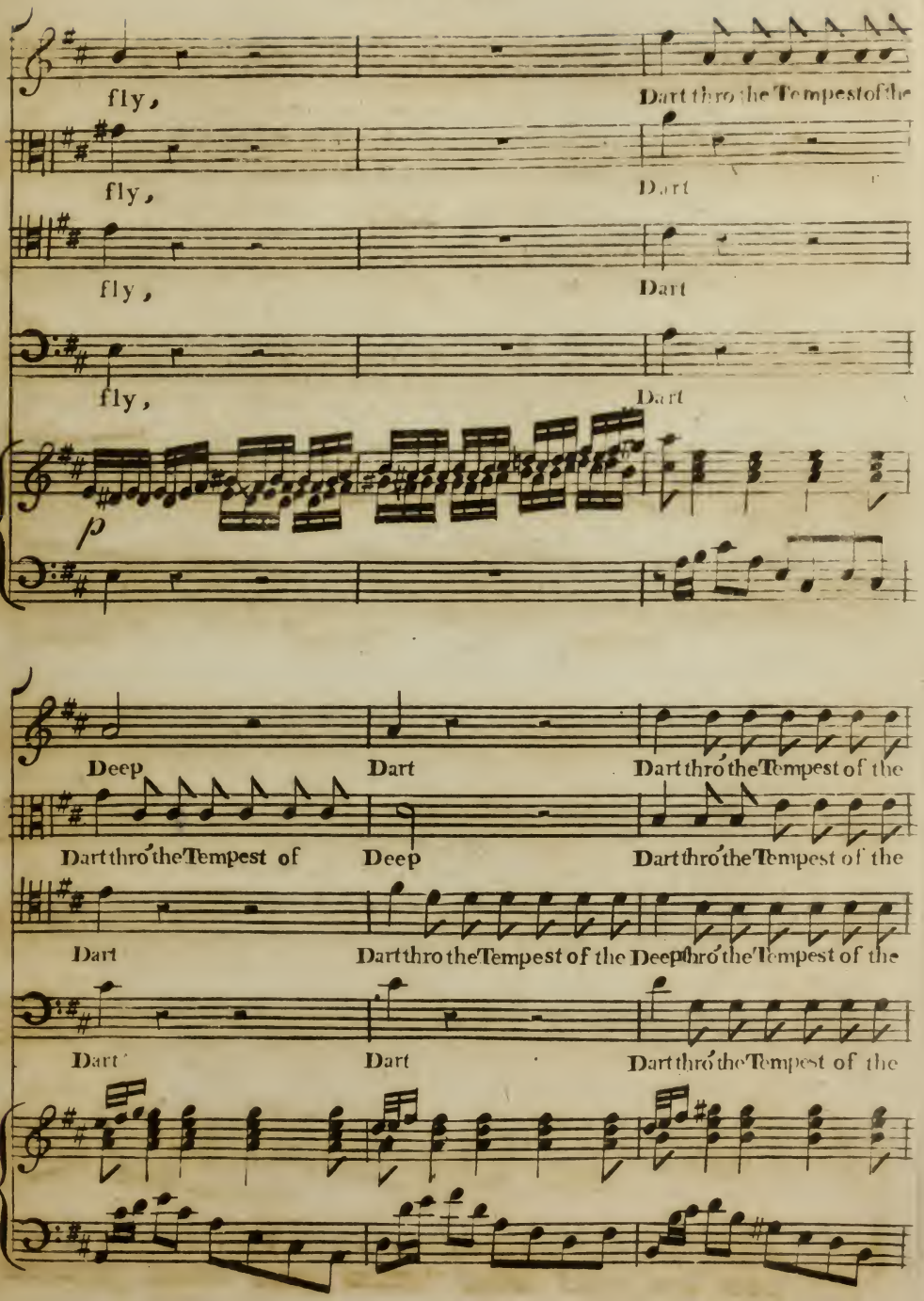
tear tear tear the wild Waves ye migh_ty migh__ty

Winds ye fa_ted Light_ning fly ye Light ning

ye fated Light__ning fly ye fa_ted Light___ning

Winds ye fa_ted Lightning fly ye Light_ning

Winds ye fa_ted Light_ning Light_ning


fly,
Dart thro the Tempest of the
fly,
Dart
fly,
Dart
fly,
Dart
p
Deep
Dart
Dart thró the Tempest of the
Dart thró the Tempest of
Deep
Dart thró the Tempest of the
Dart
Dart thro the Tempest of the Deep thró the Tempest of the
Dart
Dart
Dart thró the Tempest of the

deep and Rocks and Seas con_found and

deep and Rocks and Seas con_found and

deep and Rocks and Seas con_found and

deep and Rocks and Seas con_found and

f *p* *f* *p*

Rocks and Seas con_found Hark

Rocks and Seas con_found Hark

Rocks and Seas con_found Hark

Rocks and Seas con_found Hark

Hark how the vengeful thun - - - - - - - - der roars

Hark how the vengeful thun - - - - - - - - - - der roars

Hark how the vengeful thun - - - - - - - - - - der roars

Hark how the vengeful thun - - - - - - - - - - der roars

a-mazement flames a - round a-mazement flames a -

a-mazement flames a - round a-mazement flames a -

a-mazement flames a - round a-mazement flames a -

a-mazement flames a - round a-mazement flames a -

round Behold the Fate de-voted Bark

round Behold the Fate de-voted Bark

round Behold the Fate de-voted Bark

round Behold the Fate de-voted Bark

dash'd dash'd dash'd on the trembling shore

dash'd dash'd dash'd on the trembling shore

dash'd dash'd dash'd on the trembling shore

dash'd dash'd dash'd on the trembling shore

dash'd dash'd dash'd on the trembling shore,

dash'd dash'd dash'd on the trembling shore,

dash'd dash'd dash'd on the trembling shore, mercy the

dash'd dash'd dash'd on the trembling shore,

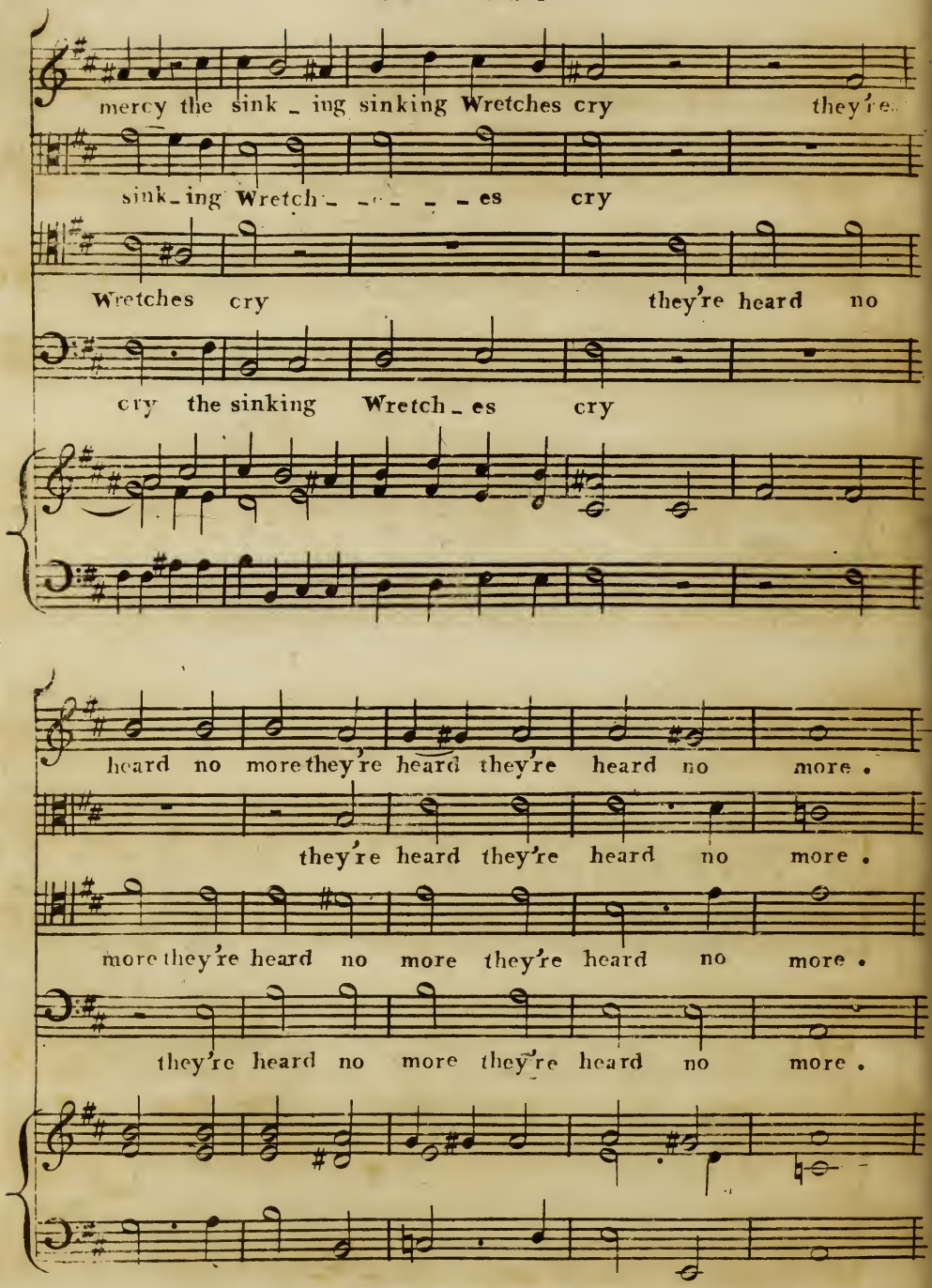
p

mery the sink - - ing Wretches cry,

mercy the sink - - ing Wretches cry, mercy the

sink - - ing Wretches cry, mercy the sink - ing

mercy the sink - ing Wretches


mercy the sink _ ing sinking Wretches cry they're
sink_ing Wretch _ _ _ _ _ es cry
Wretches cry they're heard no
cry the sinking Wretch _ es cry
heard no more they're heard they're heard no more.
they're heard they're heard no more.
more they're heard no more they're heard no more.
they're heard no more they're heard no more.

no more they'er heard no more

no more they'er heard no more

no more they'er heard no more

no more they'er heard no more

1 2 3 4

Sym:

5 6 7

Hark hark hark how the vengeful thun - - - - der

Hark hark hark how the vengeful thun - - - - der

Hark hark hark how the vengeful thun - - - - der

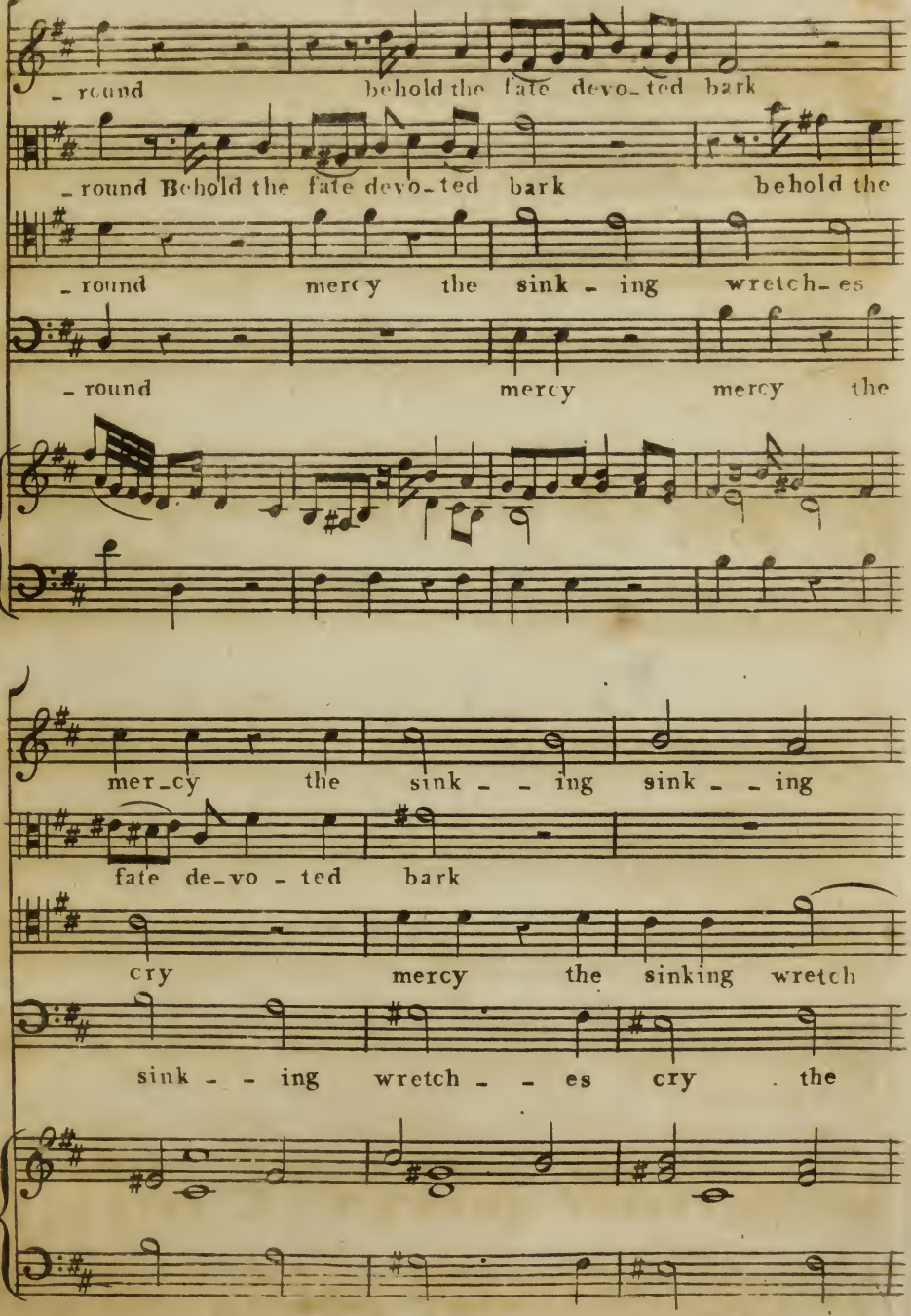
Hark hark how the vengeful thun - - - - der

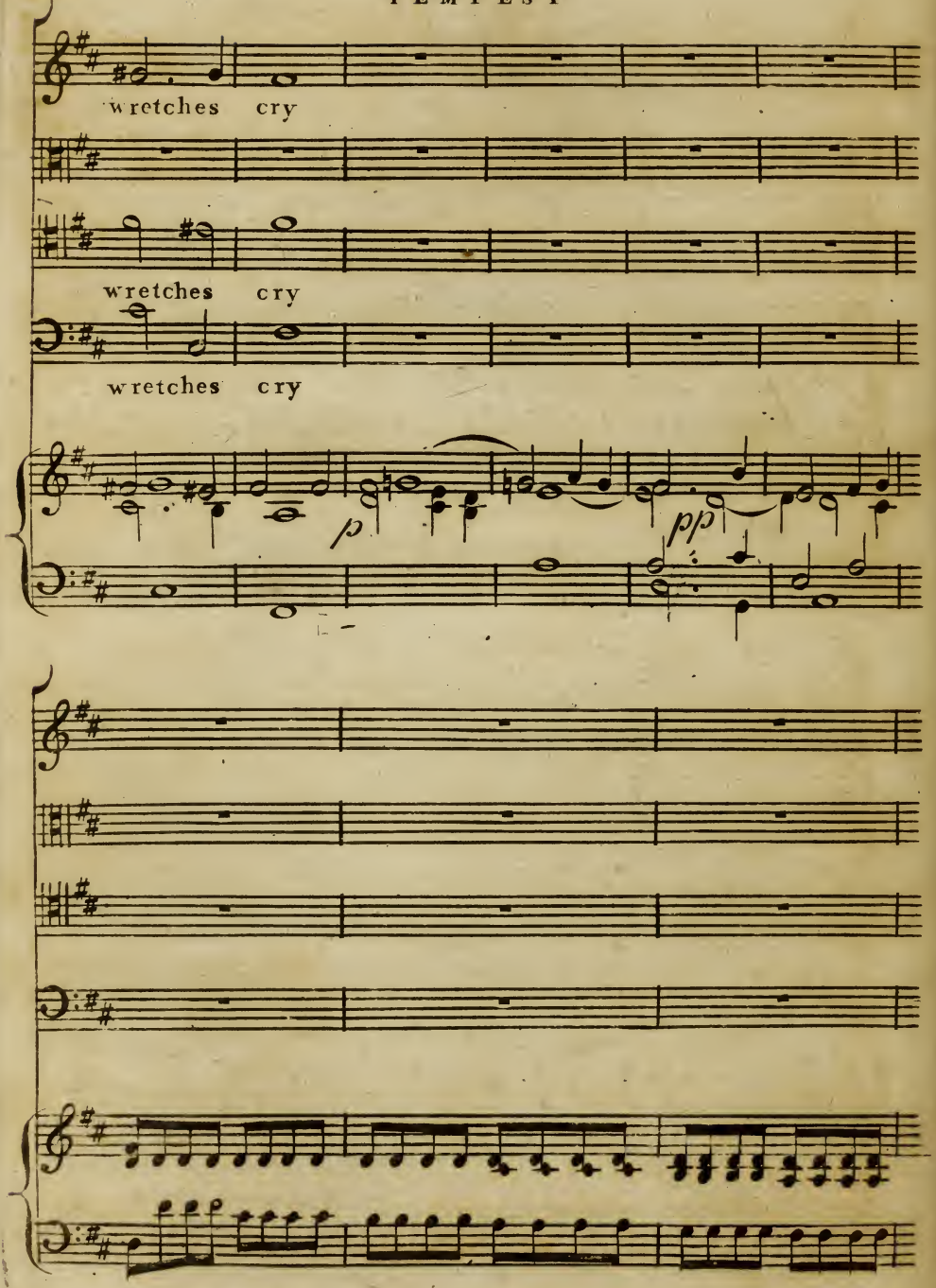
roars A - maze - ment flames a -

roars A - maze - ment flames a -

roars A - maze - ment flames a -

roars A - maze - ment flames a -


round behold the fate devo-ted bark
round Behold the fate devo-ted bark behold the
round mercy the sink - ing wretch-es
round mercy mercy the
mer-cy the sink - - ing sink - - ing
fate de-vo - ted bark
cry mercy the sinking wretch
sink - - ing wretch - - es cry the


wretches cry
wretches cry
wretches cry
p
pp

A_rise, A_rise, A_rise, Ye

A_rise, A_rise, A_rise, Ye

A_rise, A_rise, A_rise, Ye

A_rise, A_rise, A_rise, Ye

Spi_rits of the Storm, Ap_pal the Guil_ty

Spi_rits of the Storm, Ap_pal the Guil_ty

Spi_rits of the Storm, Ap_pal the Guil_ty

Spi_rits of the Storm, Ap_pal the Guil_ty

eye ye Spirits of the storm

eye ye Spirits of the storm behold the

eye ye Spirits of the storm

eye ye Spirits of the storm behold the fate devo_ted

behold the fate_ de_vo__ted bark the

fate devo_ ted bark devo_ ted bark the

behold the fate_ de_vo_ ted

bark behold the fa_ _ _ _ _ ted bark the

fate de_vo_ted bark mer_cy the

fate de_vo_ted bark dash'd

bark de_vo_ted bark dash'd on the trem' ing

fate de_vo_ted bark dash'd

sink_ing wretches cry dash'd on the trembling

dash'd on the trembling shore on the trembling shore

shore mercy mercy the

mercy sink_ing wretch_es

shore on the trembling shore mercy the

mer_cy the wretch - - - es cry mer_cy

sink - - -ing wretch - - - es cry

cry - - - - dash'd on the trembling shore

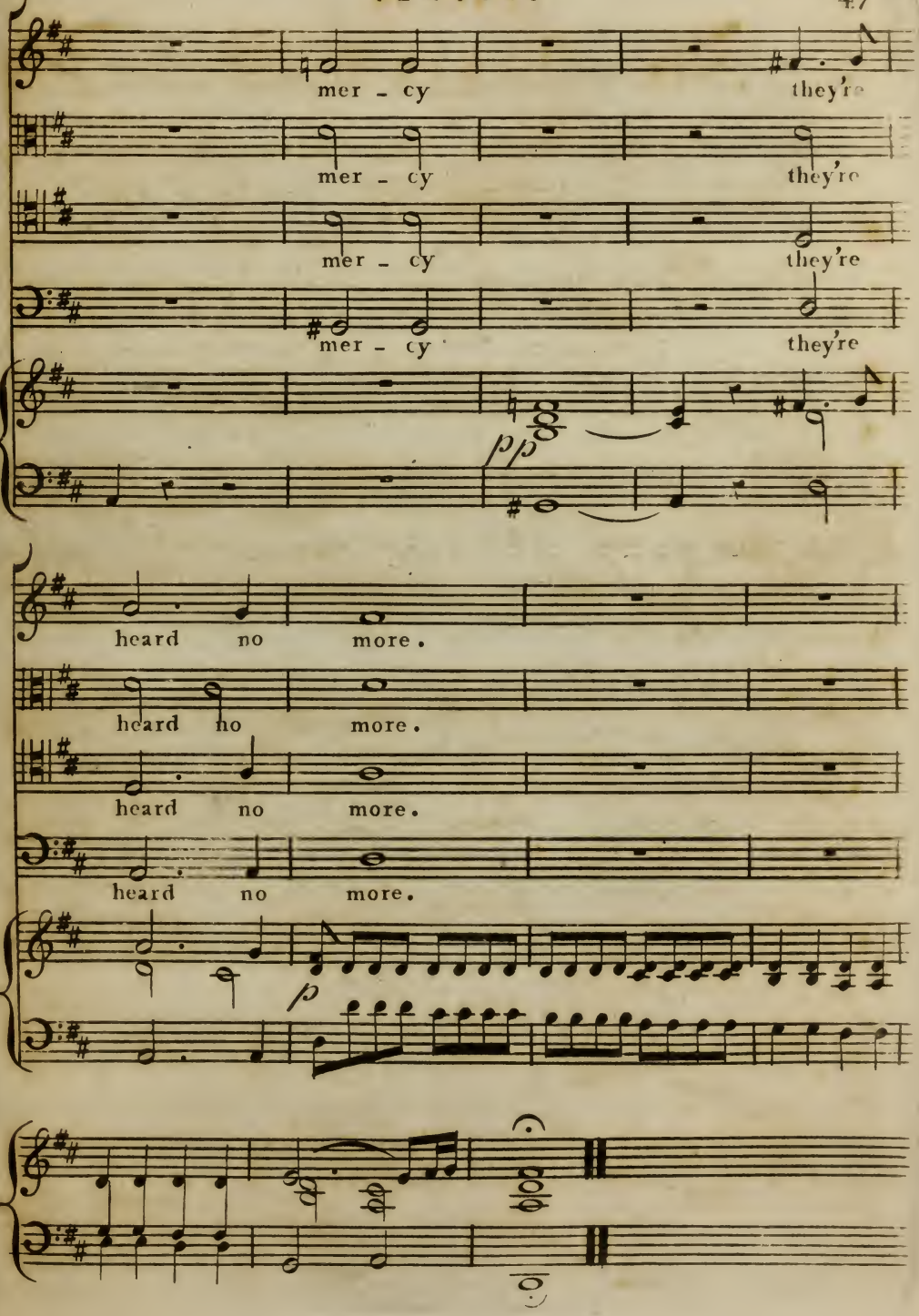
sink _ ing wretches sink _ ing wretches cry

the sink - - - - ing sink _ ing wretches cry

mercy the sink _ ing sink _ ing wretches cry

mercy mercy the sink _ ing wretches cry

dim:


mer - cy they're
mer - cy they're
mer - cy they're
mer - cy they're
pp
heard no more.
heard no more.
heard no more.
heard no more.
p

KIND FORTUNE SMILES.

Com: by H. Purcell. Arrang'd by J. Addison.

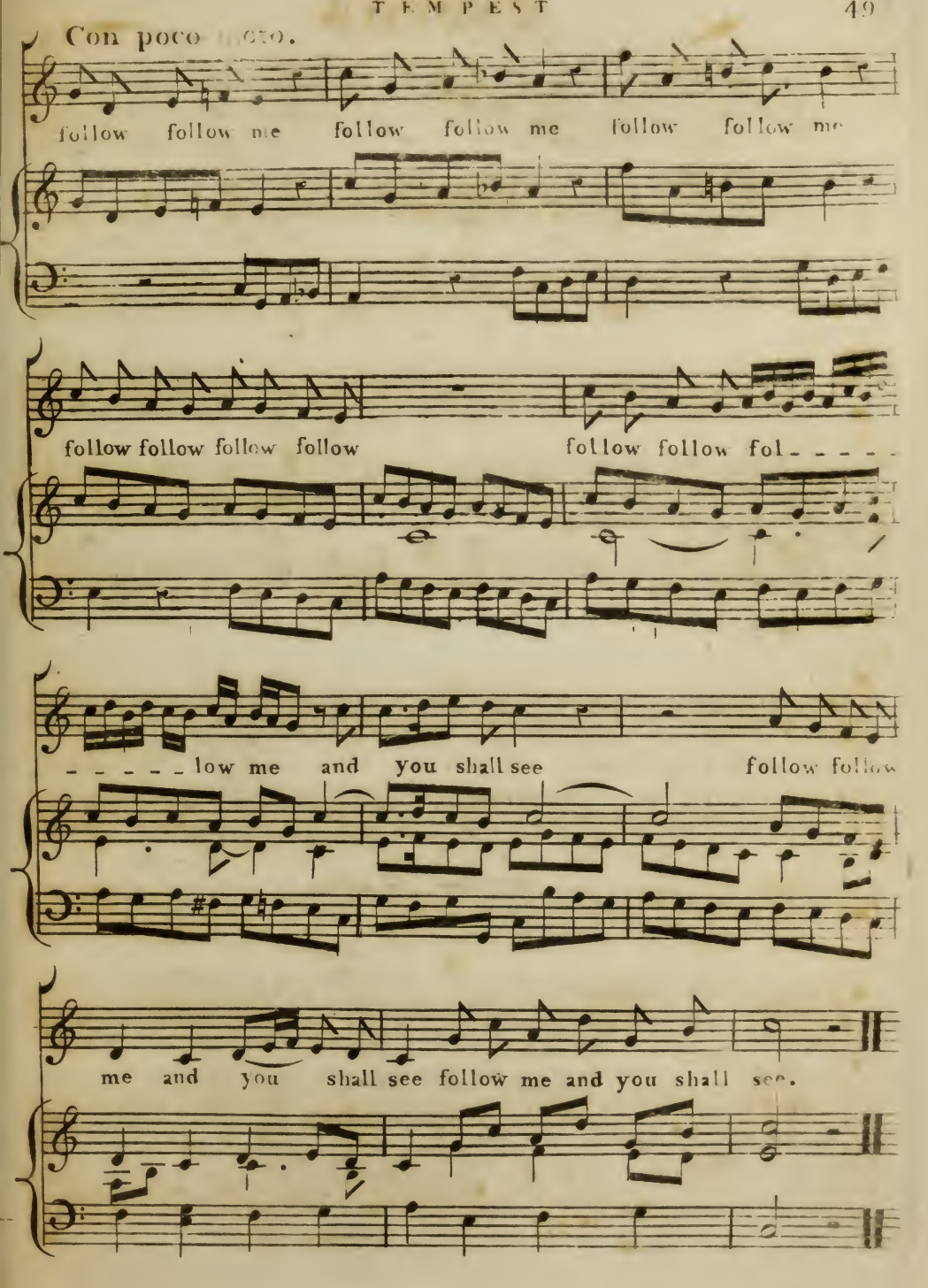
MODERATO

Kind - - - - fortune

smiles and she Hath yet - - - - - - - in store for thee Some

1st 2d

strange - - - - - - - - fe - li - - ci - ty li - - ci - ty


Con poco moto.
follow follow me follow follow me follow follow me
follow follow follow follow follow follow fol - - - -
- - - - - low me and you shall see follow follow
me and you shall see follow me and you shall see.

CHORUS

1st Treble. Follow fol-low me fol-low follow

2d Treble. Follow fol-low me fol-low follow

Tenor. Follow follow me

Bass. Follow follow me

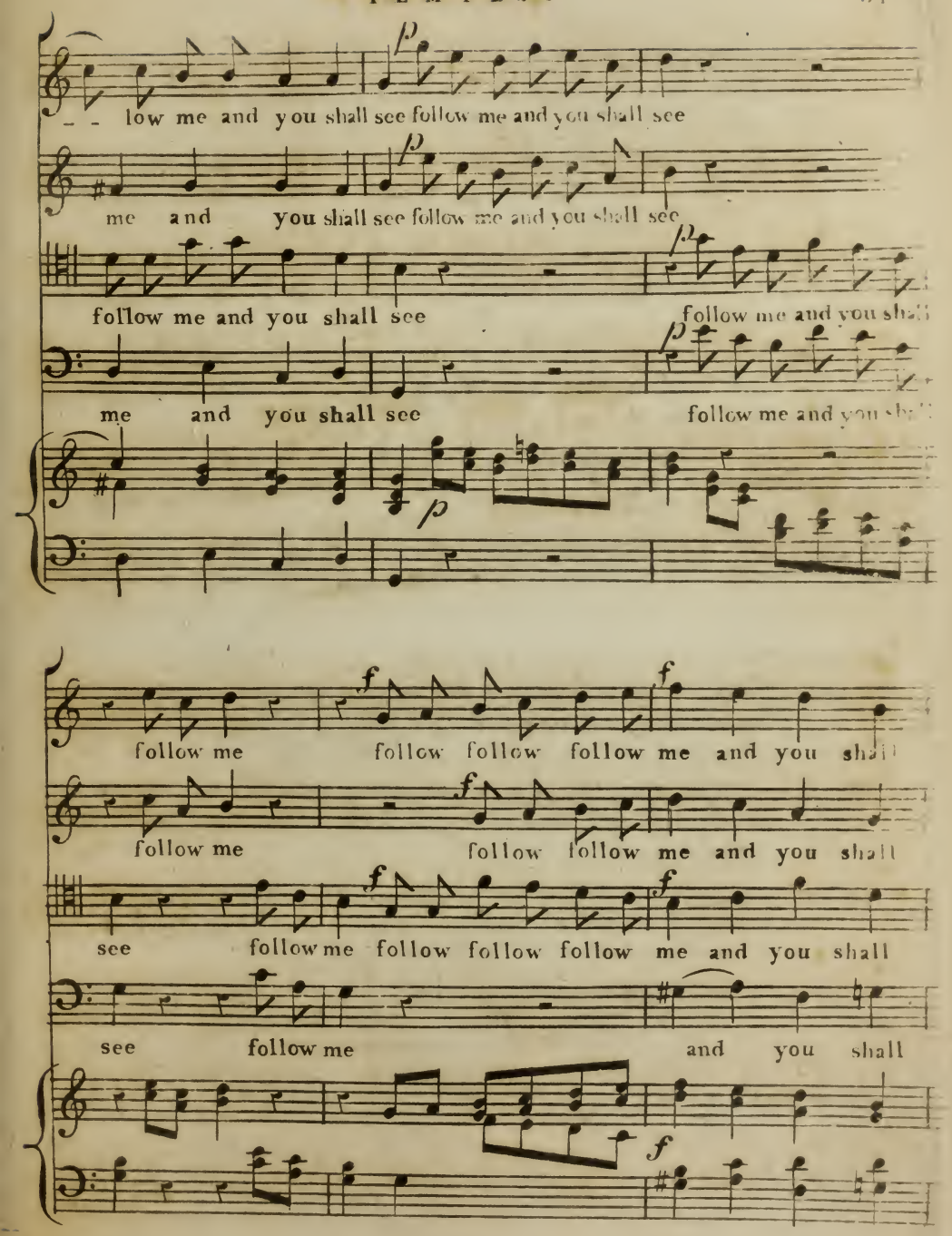
f

me And you shall see and you shall see fol-low fol-

me And you shall see and you shall see fol - - low

fol-low me And you shall see shall see shall see

fol-low me And you shall see shall see fol - - - low


low me and you shall see follow me and you shall see
me and you shall see follow me and you shall see
follow me and you shall see
follow me and you shall
me and you shall see
follow me and you shall
follow me follow follow follow me and you shall
follow me follow follow me and you shall
see follow me follow follow follow me and you shall
see follow me and you shall

see - - - - - - - - - follow follow me and

see follow follow follow follow me and

see follow follow follow fol-low follow me and

see follow follow me and

you shall see fol-low me and you shall see.

you shall see fol-low me and you shall see.

you shall see fol-low me and you shall see.

you shall see fol-low me and you shall see.

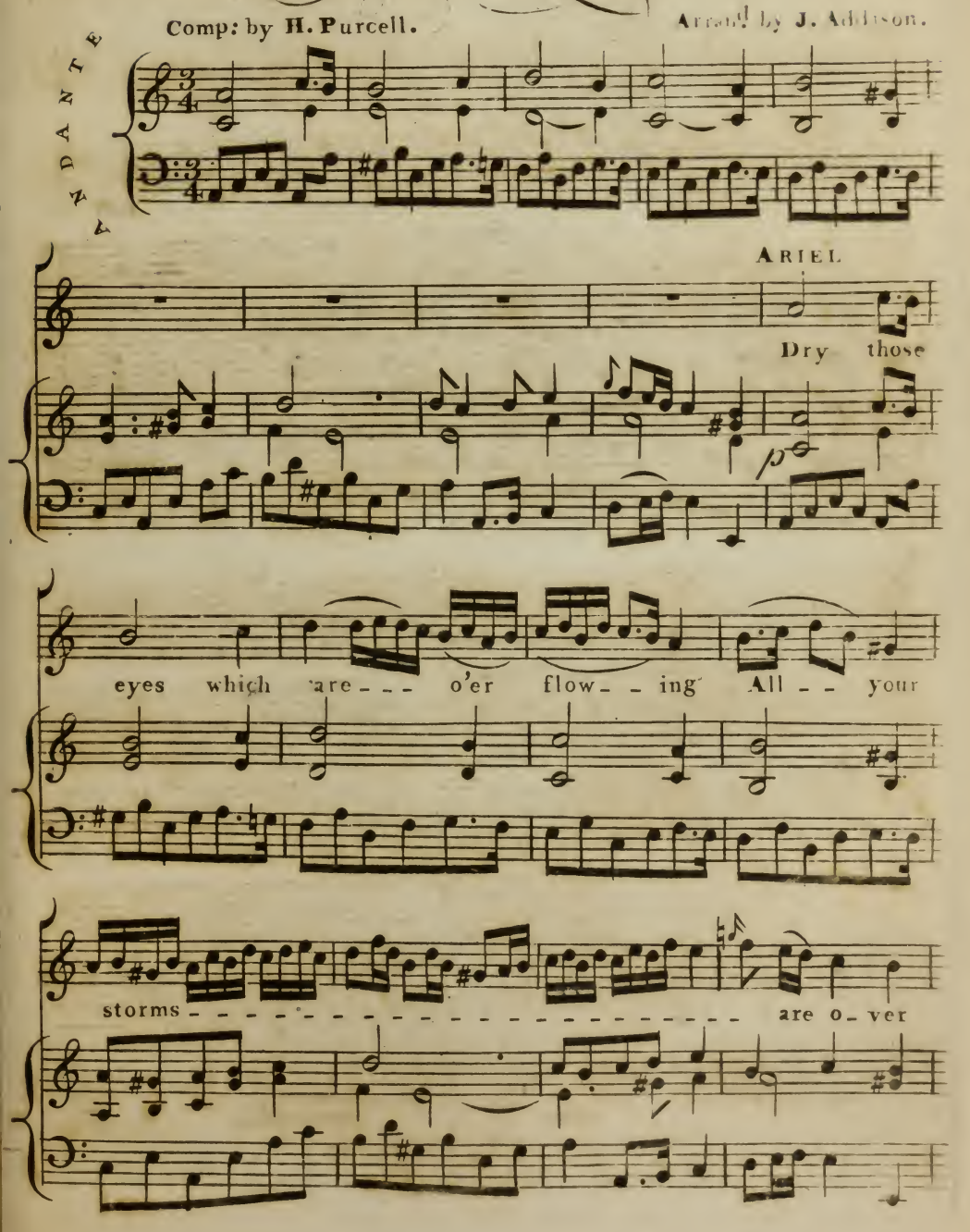
DRY THOSE EYES.

Comp: by H. Purcell. Arrand. by J. Addison.

ANDANTE

ARIEL

Dry those eyes which are - - - o'er flow - - ing All - - your storms - are o - ver



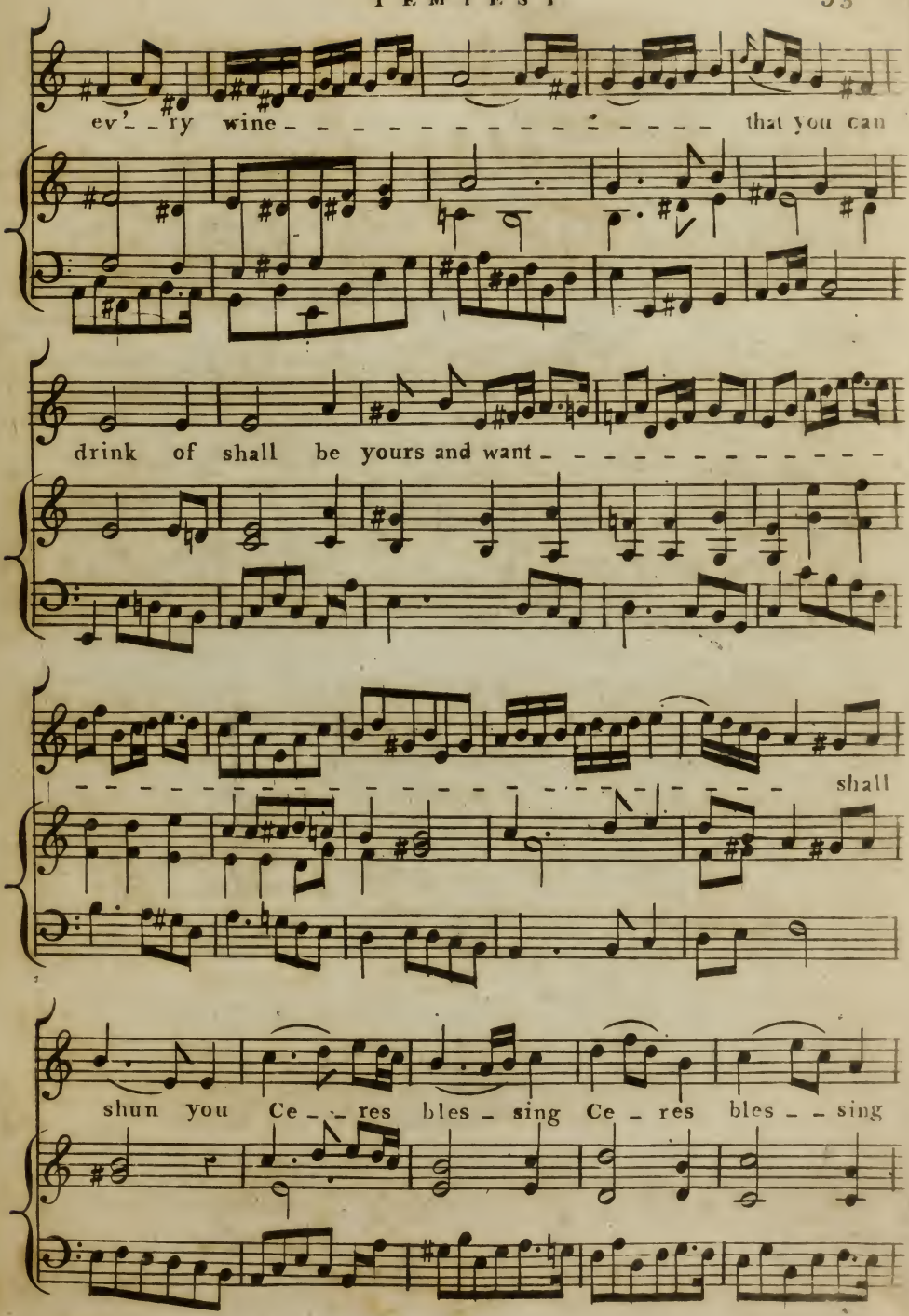
blowing while you in this Isle are bi - ding you shall

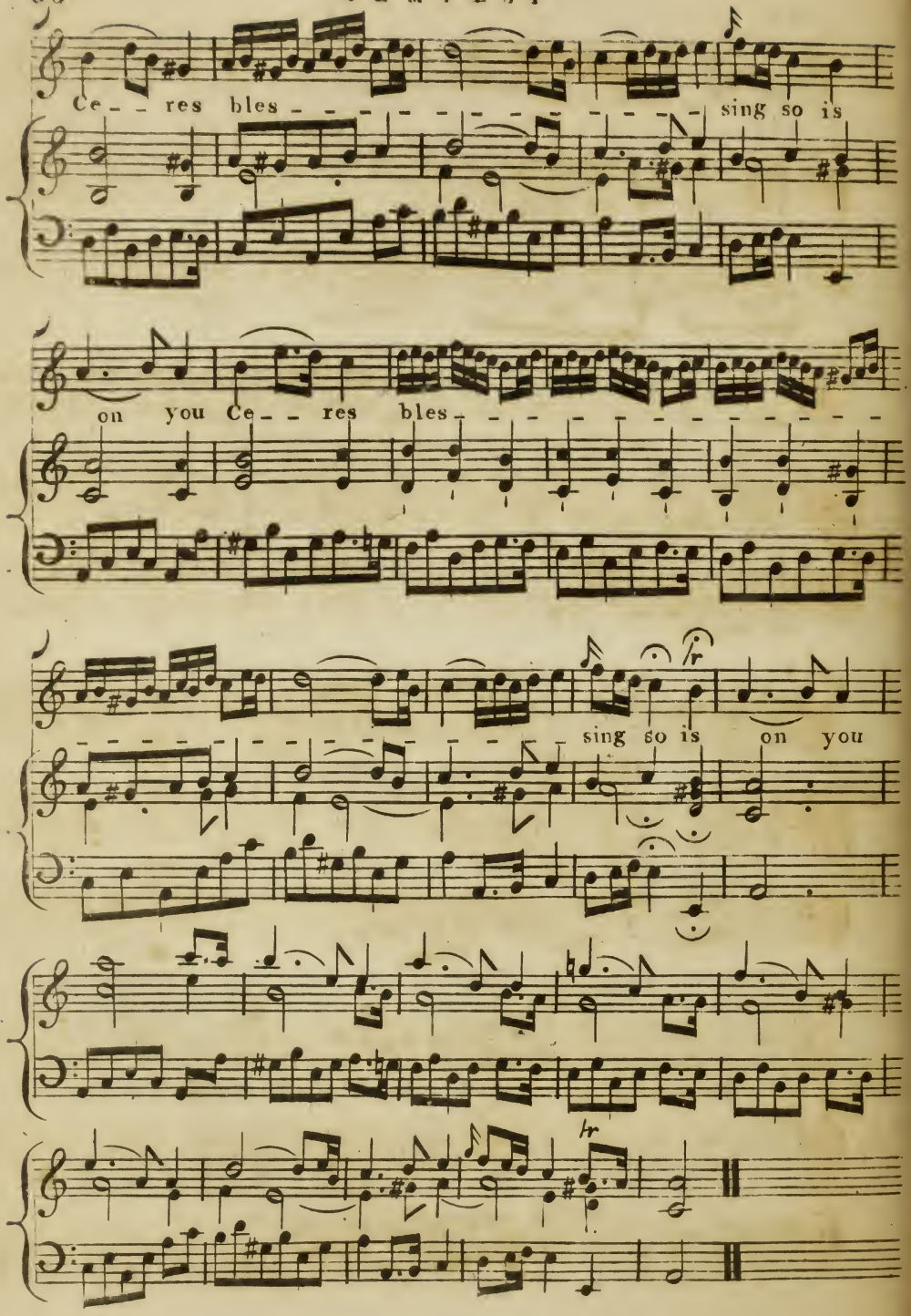
feast - - - - - - - - - - - - with - - out pro - vi - ding

cres

ev - - ry dain - - ty you can think of

p


ev'_ _ ry wine _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ that you can
drink of shall be yours and want _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
_ shall
shun you Ce _ _ res bles _ sing Ce _ res bles _ _ sing


Ce - - res bles - - - - - - - - - - - - sing so is
on you Ce - - res bles - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - sing so is on you

WHERE DOES THE BLACK FIEND.

Comp.d by H. Purcell. Arraged by J. Addison

ARCO.

Fagotti soli

1st VOICE.

Where does the black Fiend Am - - - bi - tion re - side With the mischievous De - vil of

2d VOICE.

Pride In the lowest and dark - - est cavern of

1st Voice.

hell, Both Pride and Am - bi - tion do dwell. Who

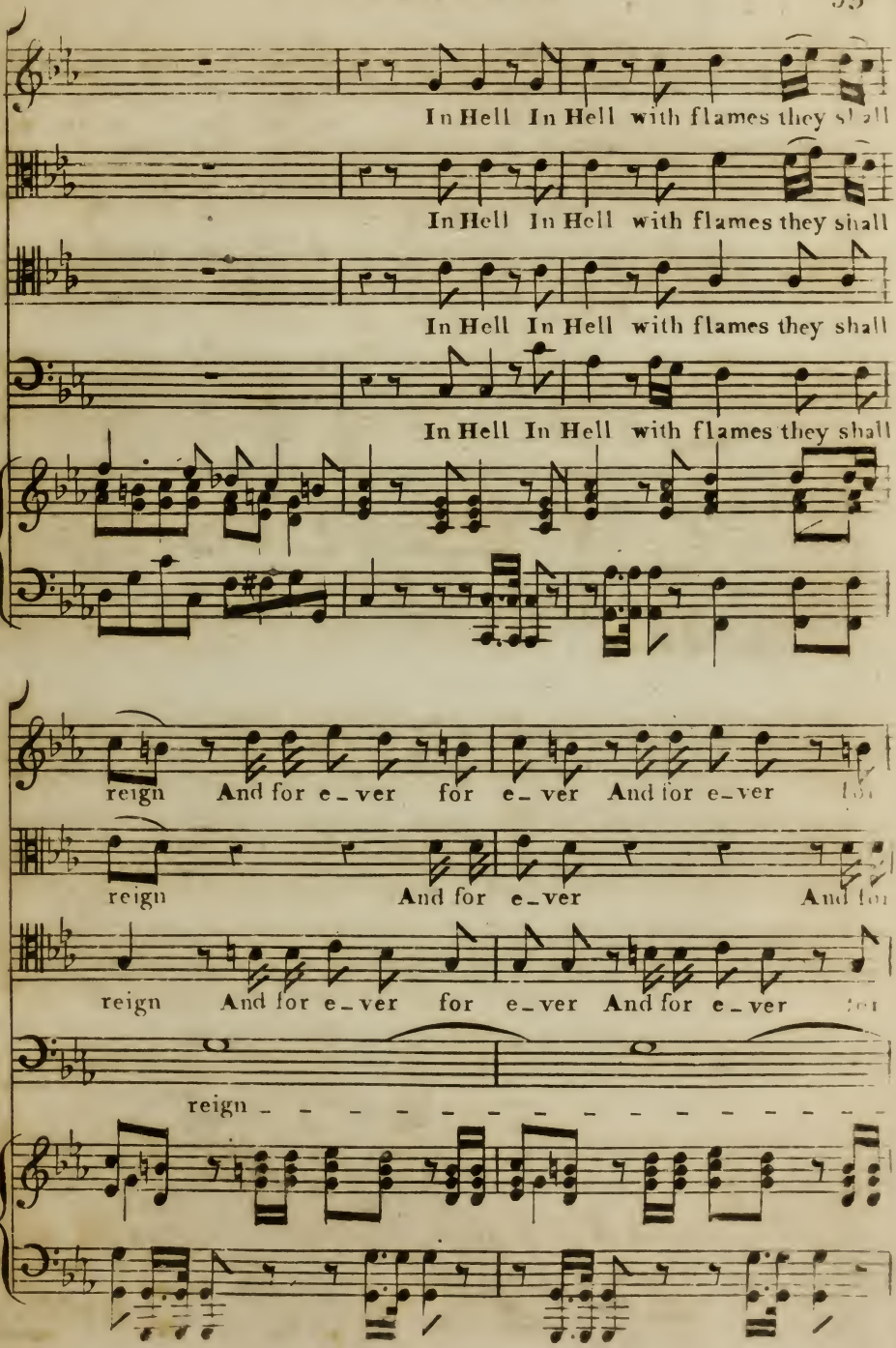
2d Voice.

are the chief leaders of the damn'd host. Proud

Monarchs who ty - - - - - - - ranize most.

CHORUS

ff


In Hell In Hell with flames they shall
In Hell In Hell with flames they shall
In Hell In Hell with flames they shall
In Hell In Hell with flames they shall
reign And for e_ver for e_ver And for e_ver for
reign And for e_ver And for
reign And for e_ver for e_ver And for e_ver for
reign

e_ver and for e_ver shall suf_fer the pain In

e_ver and for e_ver shall suf_fer the pain In

e_ver and for e_ver shall suf_fer the pain In

and for e_ver shall suf_fer the pain In

hell in hell with flames he shall reign And for

hell in hell with flames he shall reign

hell in hell with flames he shall reign And for

hell in hell with flames he shall reign _ _ _ _

e_ver for e_ver and for e_ver for e_ver and for

and for e_ver and for e_ver for

e_ver for e_ver and for e_ver for e_ver for

and for

e_ver shall suffer the pain.

e_ver shall suffer the pain.

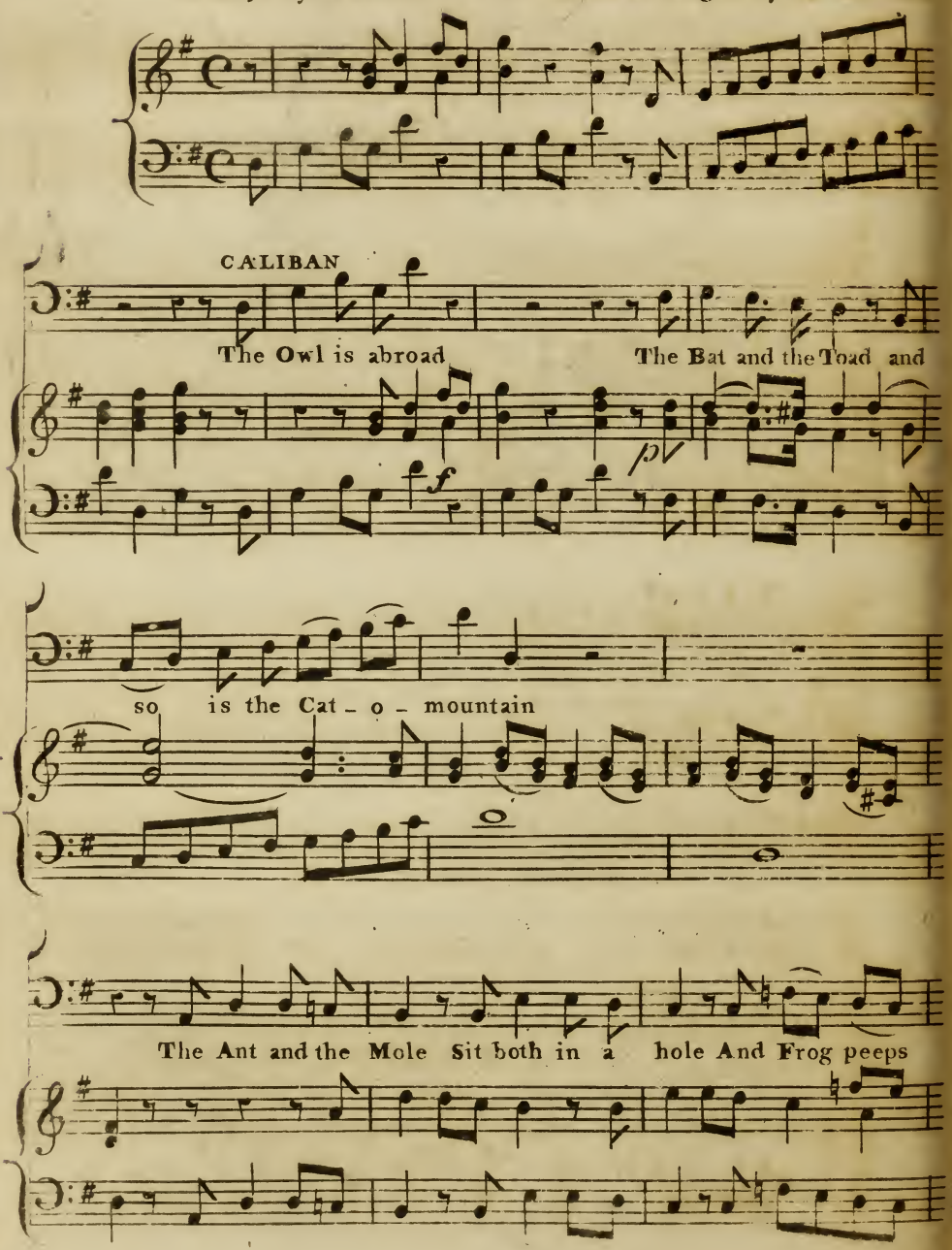
e_ver shall suffer the pain.

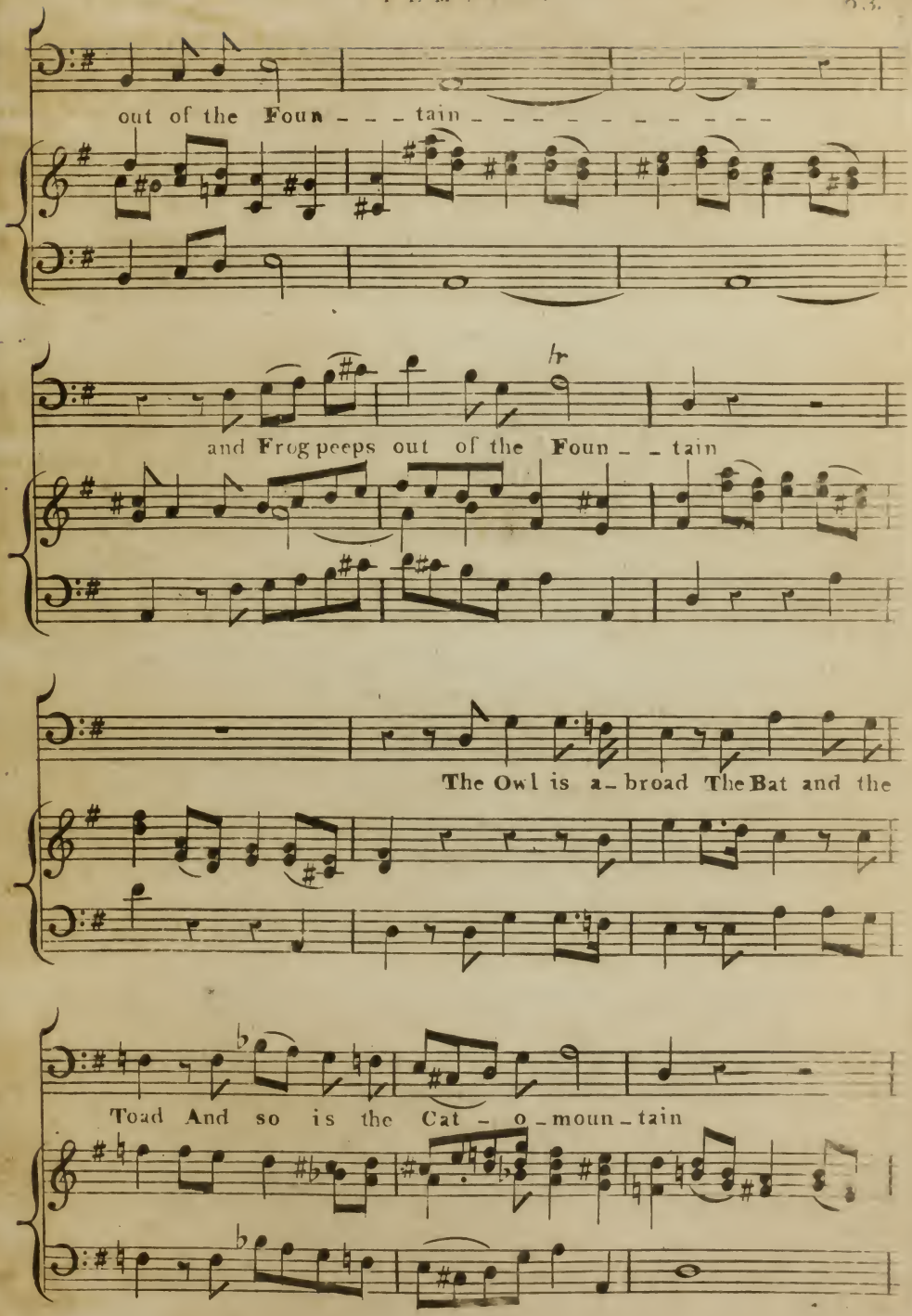
e_ver shall suffer the pain.

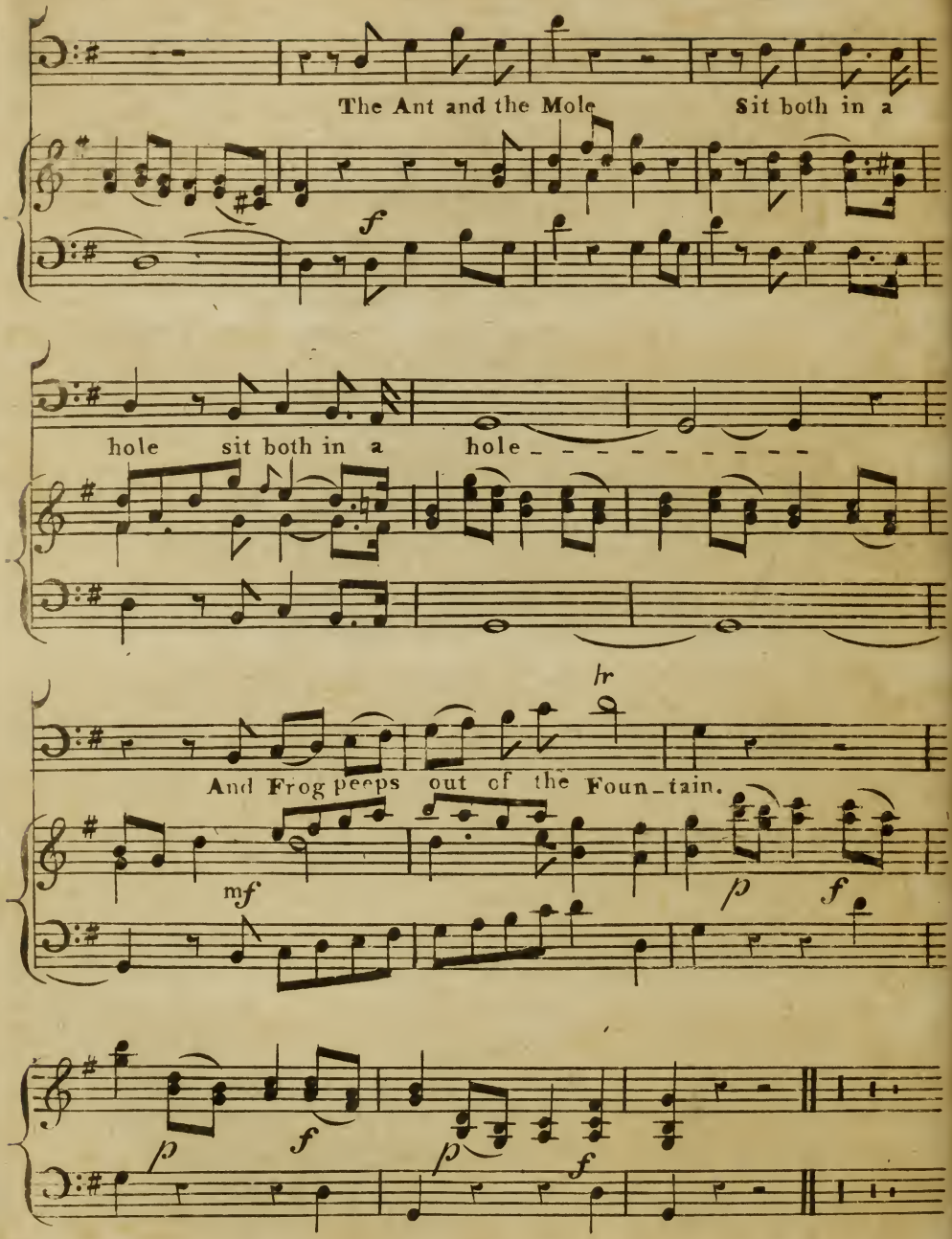
p

THE OWL IS ABROAD.

Compd by J. Smith. Arranged by J. Addison.




out of the Foun - - - tain - - - - - - - - - - - -
and Frog peeps out of the Foun - - tain
The Owl is a - broad The Bat and the
Toad And so is the Cat - o - moun - tain



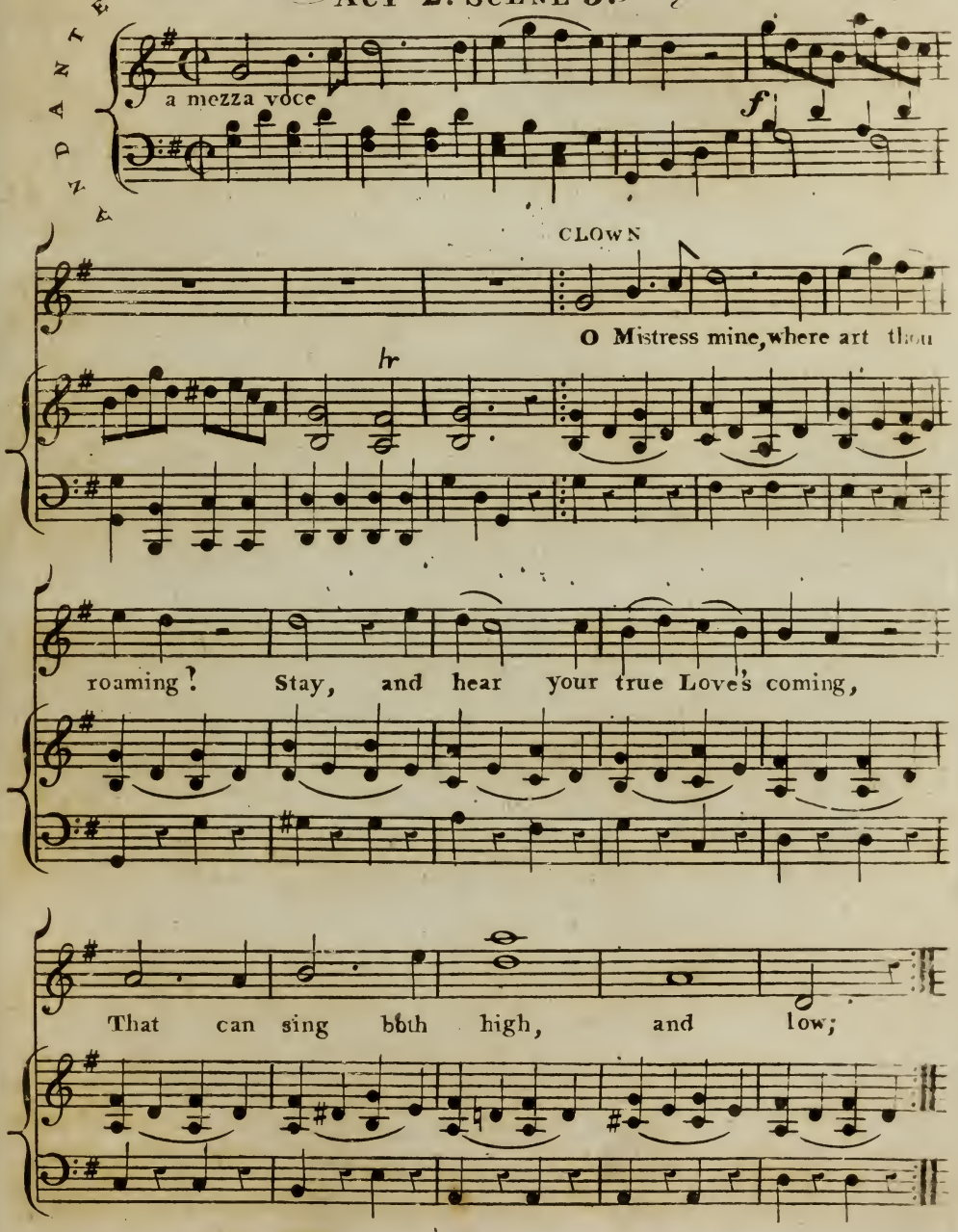
END OF THE TEMPEST.

For the Quartett, (Where the Bee sucks) usually sung as a Finale to Play, See MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

O MISTRESS MINE.

Composed & Arranged by W. Addison.

ACT 2. SCENE 3.



Trip no further, pretty sweeting, Journeys end in

Dolce

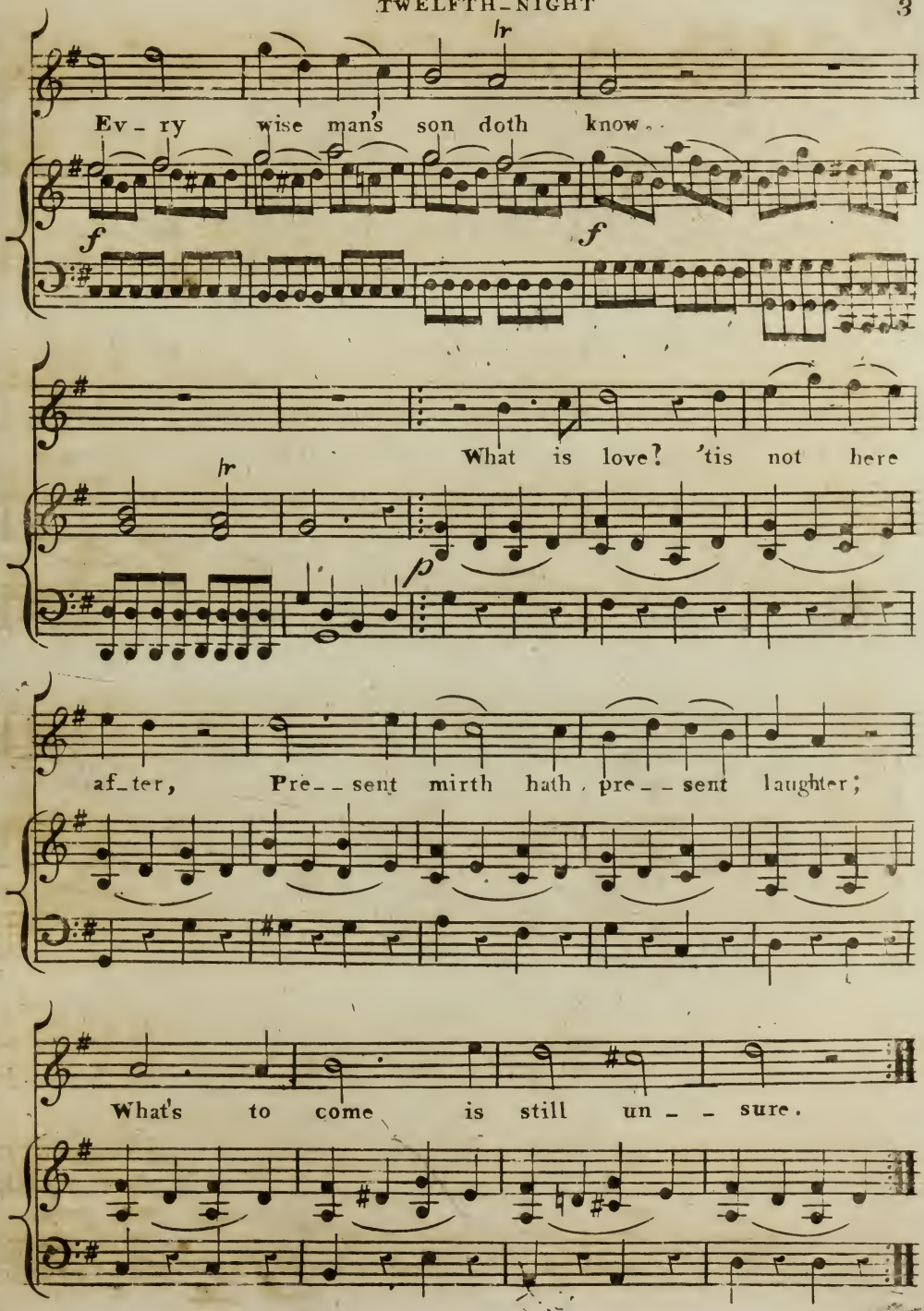
Lovers meeting, Ev- - ry wise man's

Dolce

son doth know. Trip no further, pretty sweeting, Journeys end in

Lovers meeting, Ev-ry wise - man's son doth know.

cres dim rinf


Ev - ry wise man's son doth know.
f
f
What is love? 'tis not here
p
af - ter, Pre - - sent mirth hath pre - - sent laughter;
What's to come is still un - - sure.

In de - lay there lies no plen - ty,

Dolce

Come then kiss me sweet and twenty,

p

Dolce

Youth's - a - stuff that wont en - -

p

- - dure. In de - lay there lies no plen - ty,

Come then kiss me sweet and twen-ty, Youth's a

stuff that wont en - - - dure.

sf

Youth's a stuff that wont en - - -

hr

mf

- dure.

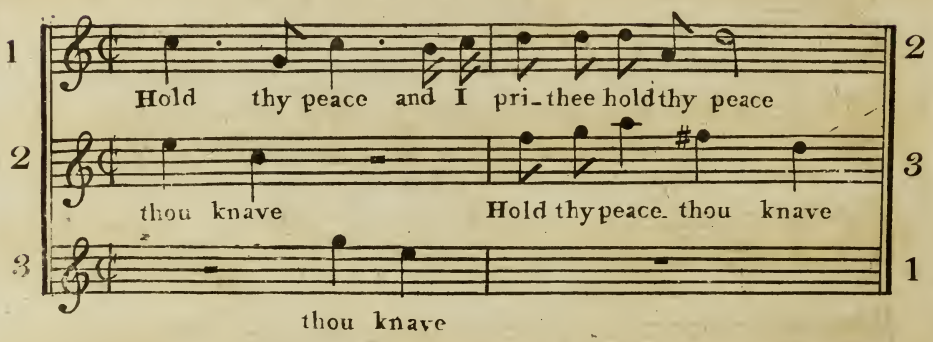
hr

f

CLOWN.— I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.
SIR ANDREW. Good, i'faith. Come begin.

CATCH

SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, AND CLOWN.



The following account of this Catch, is given in Sir Jn: Hawkins's History of Music.

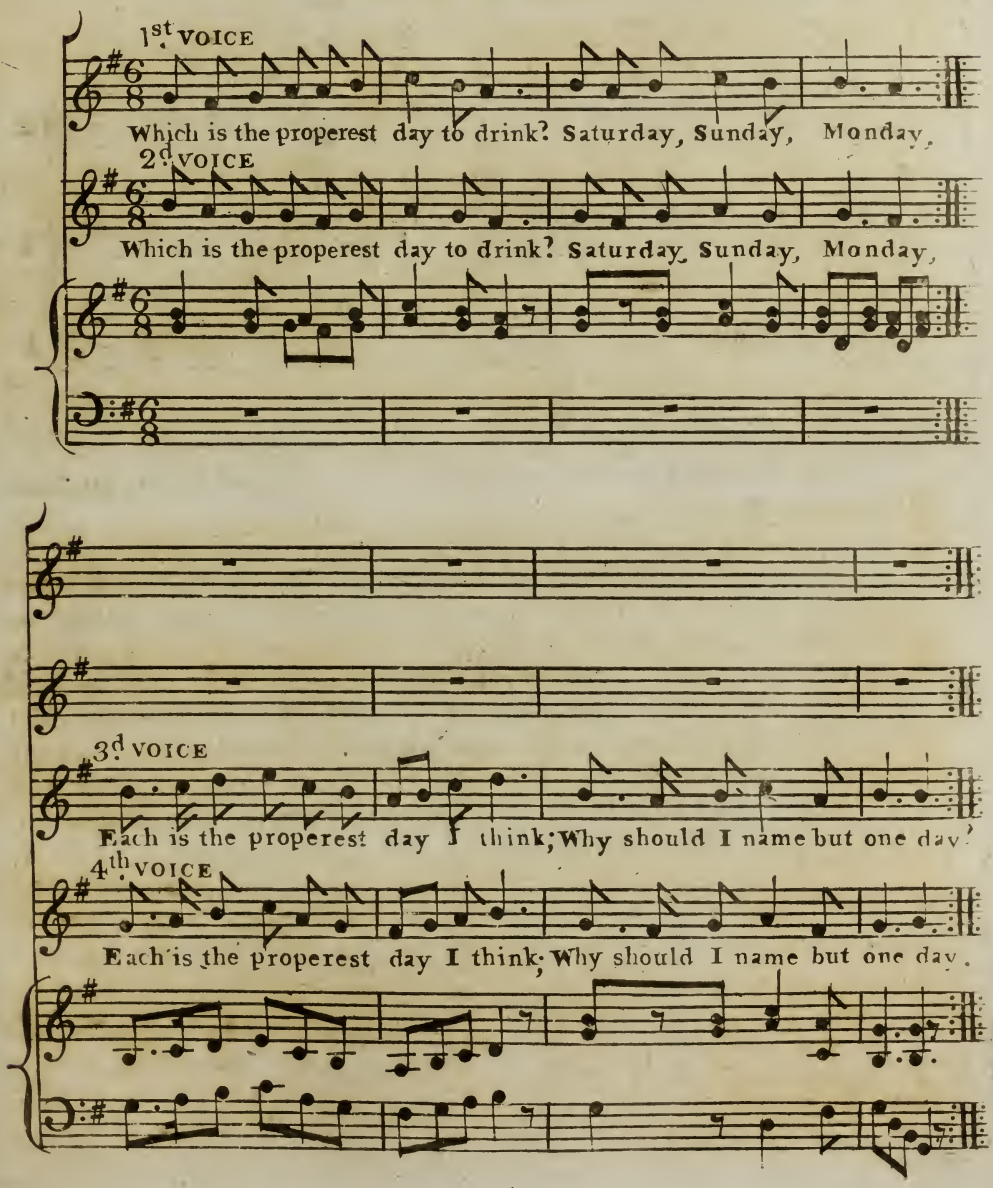
HOLD THY PEACE, to be sung by Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, & Clown. from the hint given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of the Singers call the other Knave in turn; and for this the Clown means to apologize to the Knight, when he says that he shall be constraind to call him knave.—I have here subjoined the very Catch with the musical Notes to which it was Sung in the time of Shakespear and at the original Performance of this Comedy: The evidence of its authority is as follows: There is extant a Book entitled Eammelia Musickes Miscellanie or Mixed Varietie of Pleasant Roundelays and delightful Catches of 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. each in one: of this Book there are at least two Editions the second Printed in 1618.— in 1609 a Second part of this Work was Published with the Title of Deuteromelia. and in this book is contain'd the Catch above given.

The annexed Piece. (Which is the Properest Day to Drink.) is at present performed in the place of the Catch before mentioned.

WHICH IS THE PROPEREST DAY TO DRINK!

CATCH

Composed by Dr. Arne — o — Arranged by Mr. Addison



Tell me but yours I'll mention my day Let us but fix on some day.

Tell me but yours I'll mention my day Let us but fix on some day.

Why Why should I name but one day.

Why Why should I name but one day.

Tell me but yours I'll mention my day let us but fix on some day

Tell me but yours I'll mention my day let us but fix on some day

why why why why should I name but one day

why why why should I name but one day

f

Why Why let us but fix on some day

Why Why let us but fix on some day

Each is the properest day I think Why should I name but one day

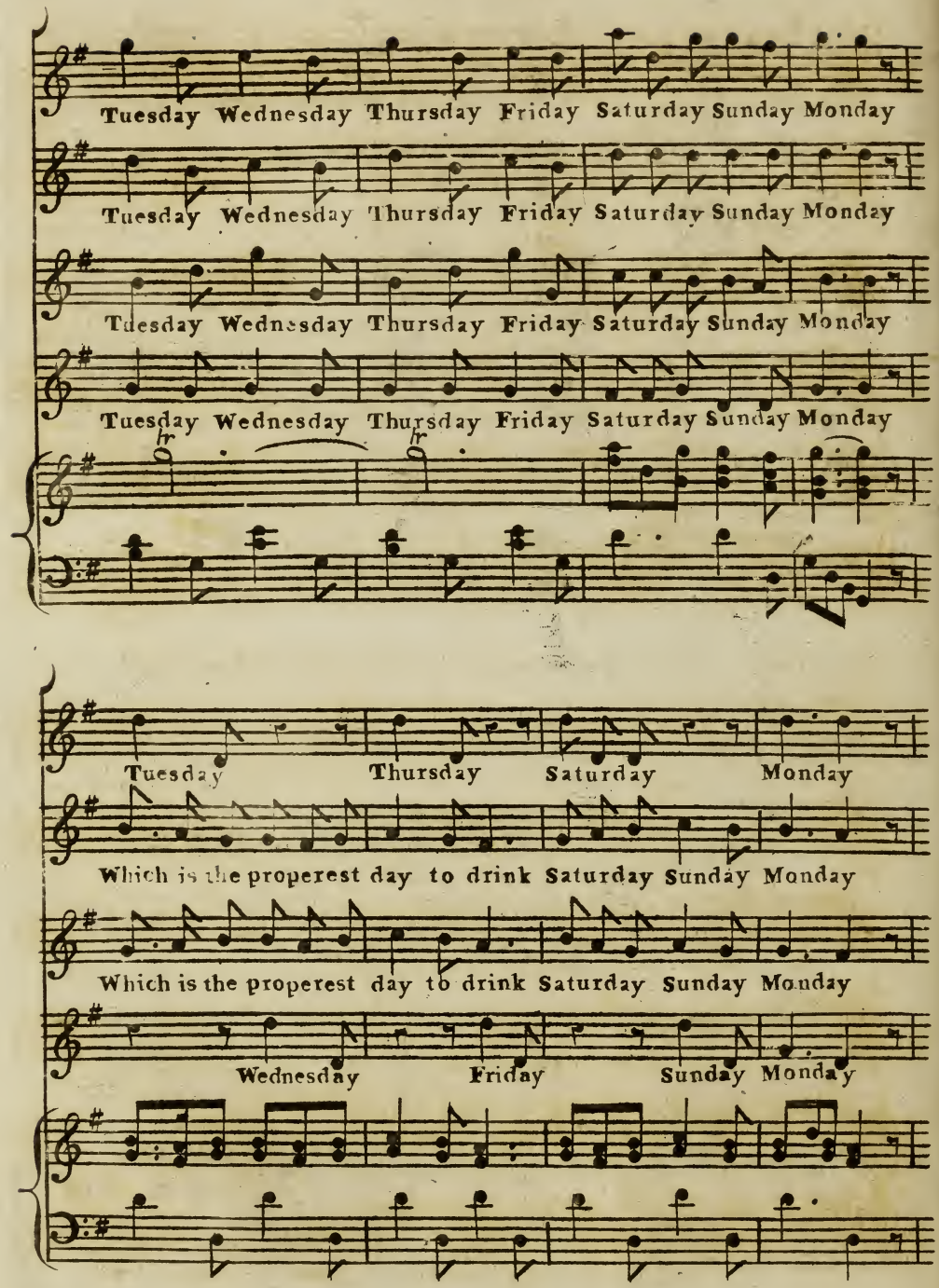
Each is the properest day I think Why should I name but one day

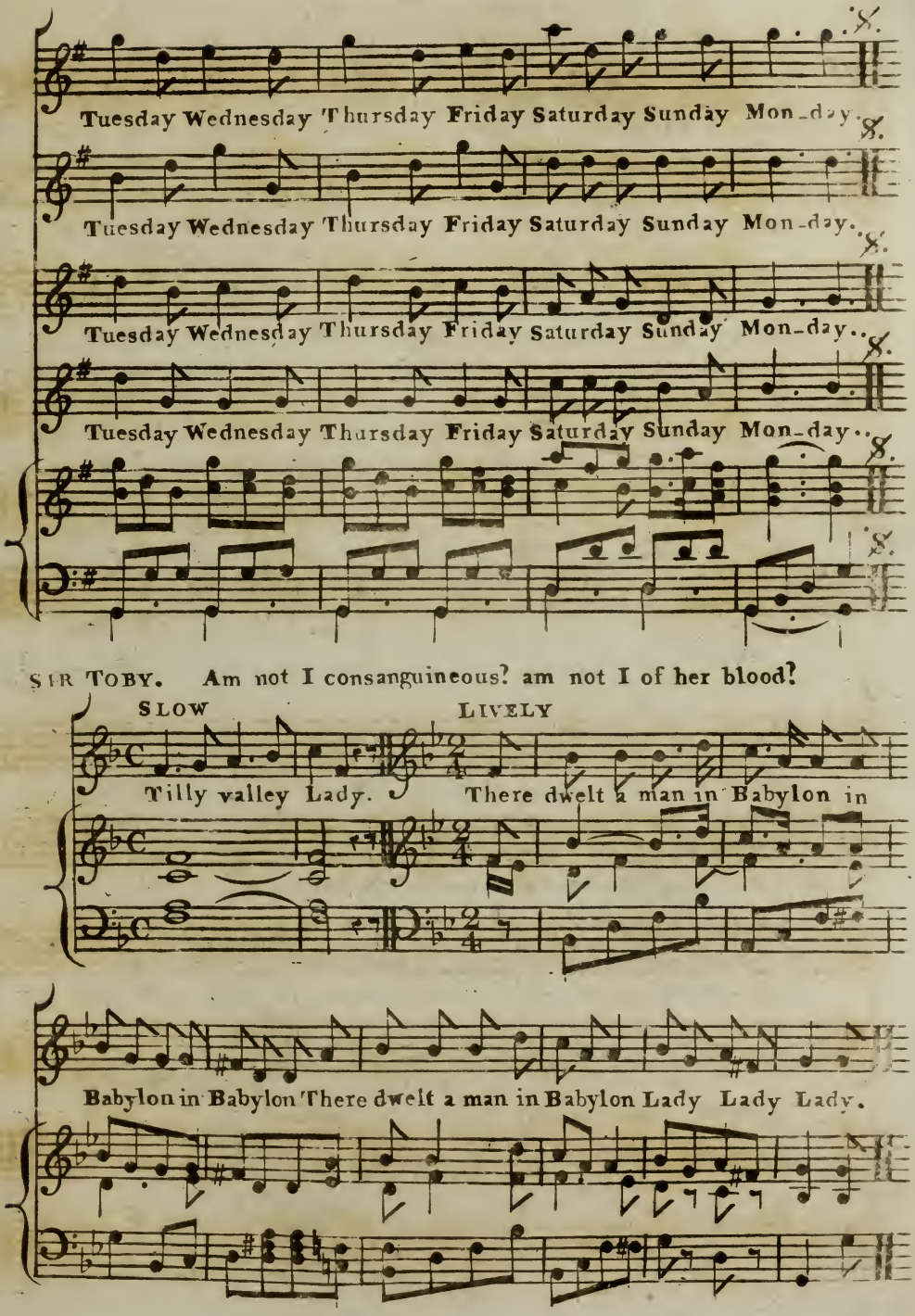
Bravo Bra - - vo

Bravo Bra - vo Why should I name but one day

Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Sa - turday Sunday monday

Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Sa - turday Sunday monday


Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Monday
Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Monday
Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Monday
Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Monday
Tuesday Thursday Saturday Monday
Which is the properest day to drink Saturday Sunday Monday
Which is the properest day to drink Saturday Sunday Monday
Wednesday Friday Sunday Monday


Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Mon-day.
Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Mon-day.
Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Mon-day..
Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Mon-day..
SIR TOBY. Am not I consanguineous? am not I of her blood?
SLOW
LIVELY
Tilly valley Lady. There dwelt a man in Babylon in
Babylon in Babylon There dwelt a man in Babylon Lady Lady Lady.

MALVOLIO. – An it would please you take leave of her, she is willing to bid you farewell.

✳ SIR TOBY. Farewell dear heart, since I must needs be-gone.

MALVOLIO. – Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLOWN. His Eyes do shew his days are almost done.

MALVOLIO. – I'st even so?

CLOWN.

SIR TOBY. But I will ne-ver never never die. Oh there Sir

Sir Toby. Clown.

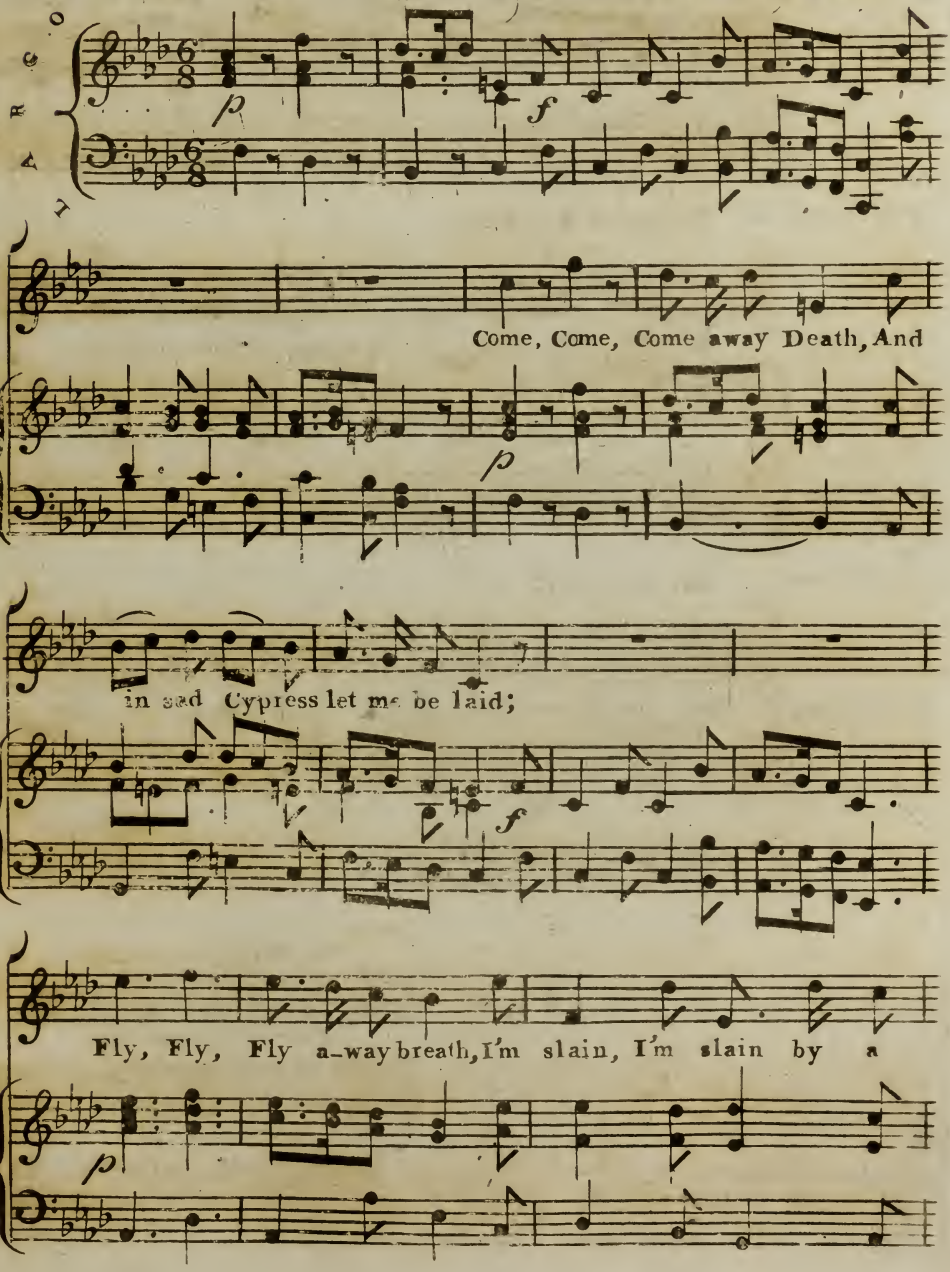
To-by, there oh there you lie. you lie. you lie.

✳ Sung without Accompaniment.

COME AWAY DEATH.

Composed by Dr. Arne. Arranged by Mr. Addison.

Act 2. Scene 4.



fair cru-el Maid, I'm slain, I'm slain by a fair cru-el Maid.

f

My shroud of white stuck all with yew, pre-

p

-pare it, pre-pare it, My part of death my

f *p*

part of death no one so true did share it, no one so true did

share it. Not a flow'r a flow'r sweet

on my black Cof_fin let there be strown.

f

Not a friend, Not a friend greet, my Corpse, my poor Corpse where my

Bones shall be thrown my Corpse my poor Corpse where my

bones shall be thrown. A thousand thousand

f

sighs to save, Lay me, Lay me, Lay me, Where true

f *p*

Lover never find my grave, To weep, to weep, to weep there to

weep to weep to weep there.

f *p* *pp*

ACT. 4.

SCENE. 3.

CLOWN

Hey Ro_bin jol_ly Robin tell me how thy La_dy does

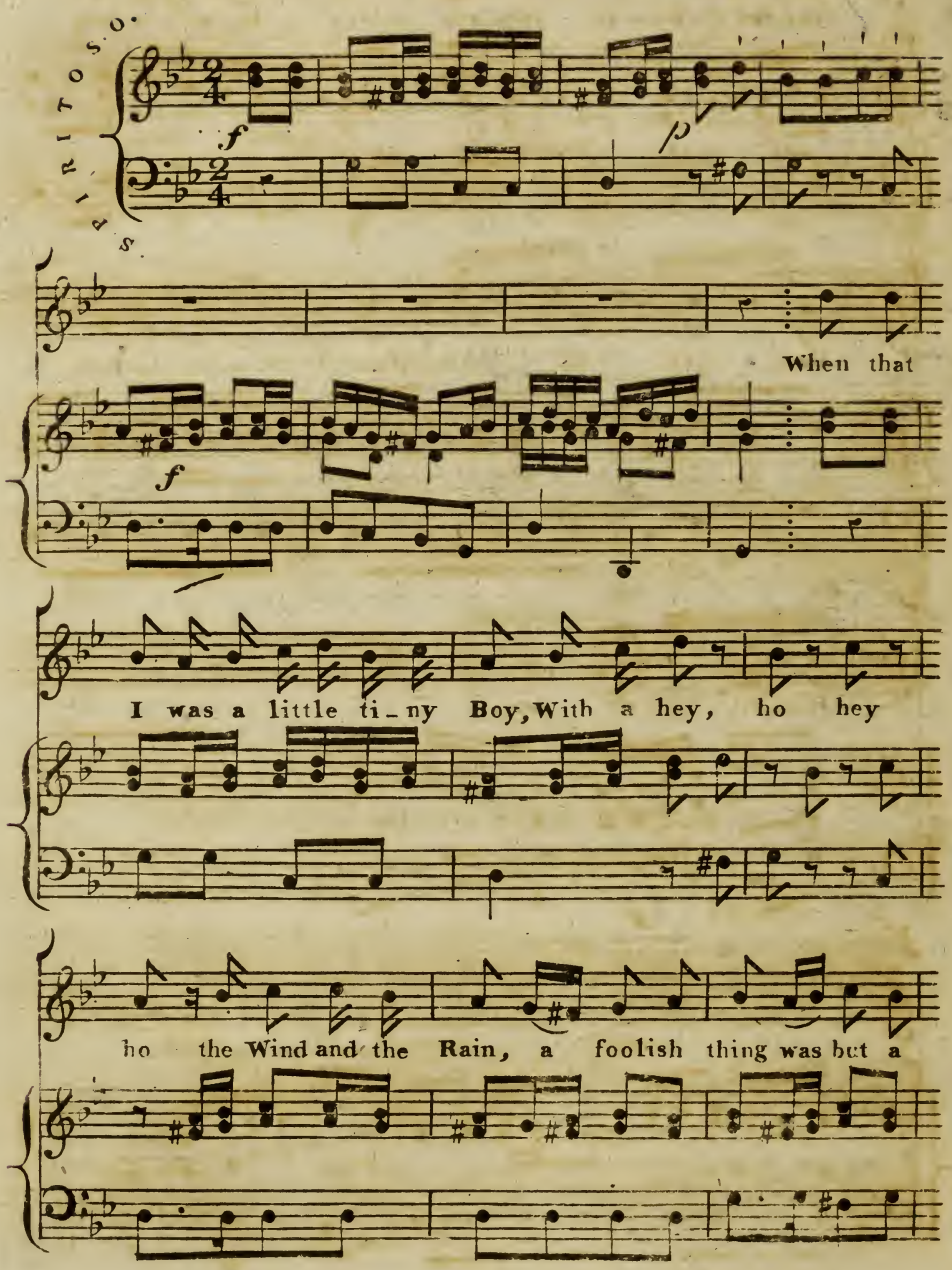
Hey Ro_bin jol_ly Ro_bin tell me how thy La_dy does.

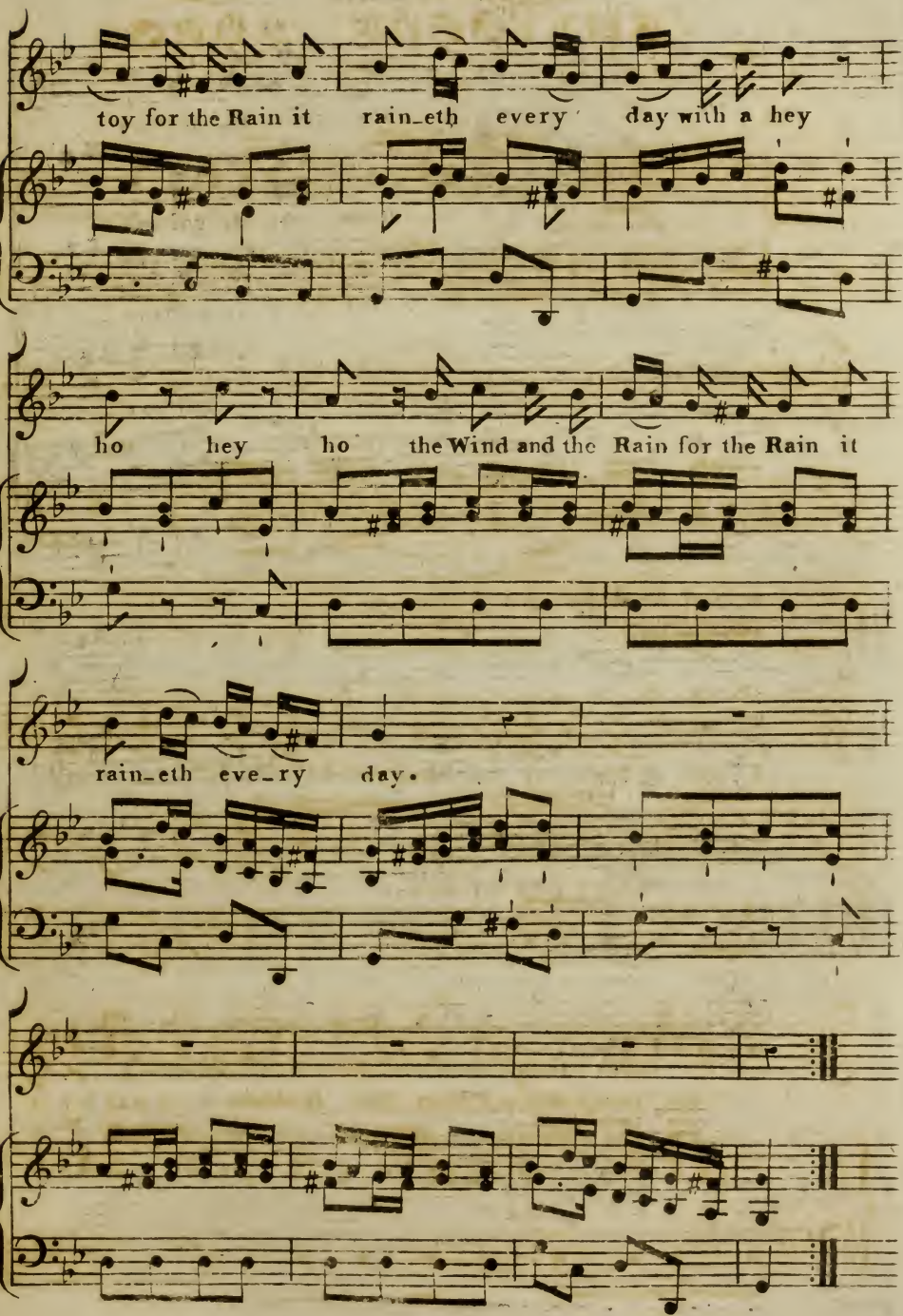
MALVOLIO. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree:
I pr'ythee, be gone.

CLOWN

I'm gone, Sir, and a non, Sir, I'll be with you a gain Sir.

(EPILOGUE) SONG




toy for the Rain it rain-eth every day with a hey
ho hey ho the Wind and the Rain for the Rain it
rain-eth eve-ry day.

2

But when I came to Man's estate,
With a hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain,
'Gainst Knave and Thief Men shut their Gate,
For the Rain it raineth every day.
With a hey ho &c.

3

And when I came alass! to wive,
With a hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain,
By swaggering I could never thrive,
For the Rain it raineth every day.
With a hey ho &c.

4

But when I came unto my bed,
With a hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain,
By toss-potts I had drunken head,
For the Rain it raineth every day.
With a hey ho &c.

5

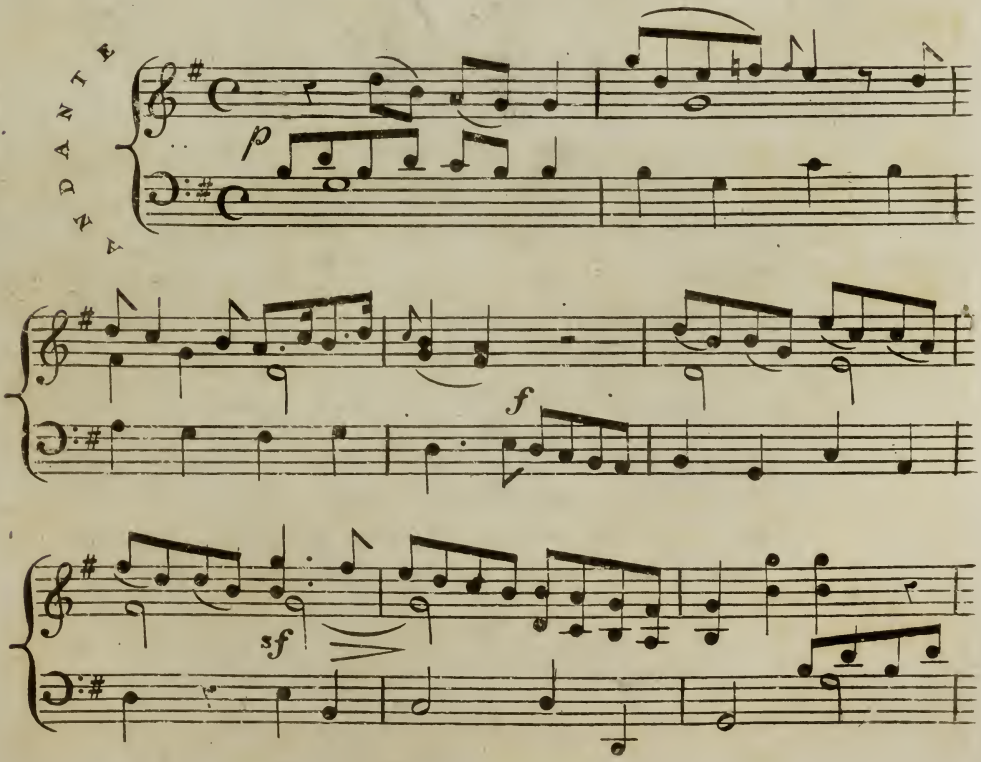
A great while ago the world begun,
With a hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain,
But that's all one, our Play is done
And we'll strive to please you every day,
With a hey ho &c.

Serenade

Two Gentlemen of Verona

Composed by Dr. Arne. Arranged by Mr. Addison

ACT 4. SCENE 2.



Who is Sil - via? what is she? That

all our Swains com - mend her; Ho - ly, Fair, and

wise is she, The heavens such grace did

lend her; That She might ad - mir - - - - - - - ed

1st 2d

be be Is she

kind as she is fair For beau_ty dwells with kindness

Love does to her eyes re_pair to help him of his

1st 2d

blindness And be_ing help'd inha__bits there. there.

VIVACE

Then to Sil_via let us sing That Silvia is ex_celling,

Then to Sil_via let us sing That Silvia is ex_celling,

Then to Sil_via let us sing That Silvia is ex_celling,

VIVACE

mf

Then to Sil_via let us sing That Sil_via is ex_celling,

Then to Sil_via let us sing That Sil_via is ex_celling,

Then to Sil_via let us sing That Sil_via is ex_celling,

pp

mf

This part may be sung as a Solo taking the upper line.

she ex-cells all mortal things up-on the dull Earth dwelling; To

she ex-cells all mortal things up-on the dull Earth dwelling; To

she excells all mortal things up-on the dull Earth dwelling; To

p *f*

her let us garlands bring. To her let us gar-lands bring.

her let us garlands bring. To her let us gar-lands bring.

her let us garlands bring. To her let us gar-lands bring.

mf

she ex-cells all mortal things up-on the dull Earth dwelling To

she ex-cells all mortal things up-on the dull Earth dwelling - To

she ex-cells all mortal things up-on the dull Earth dwelling To

f *p*

her let us garlands bring. To her let us garlands bring,

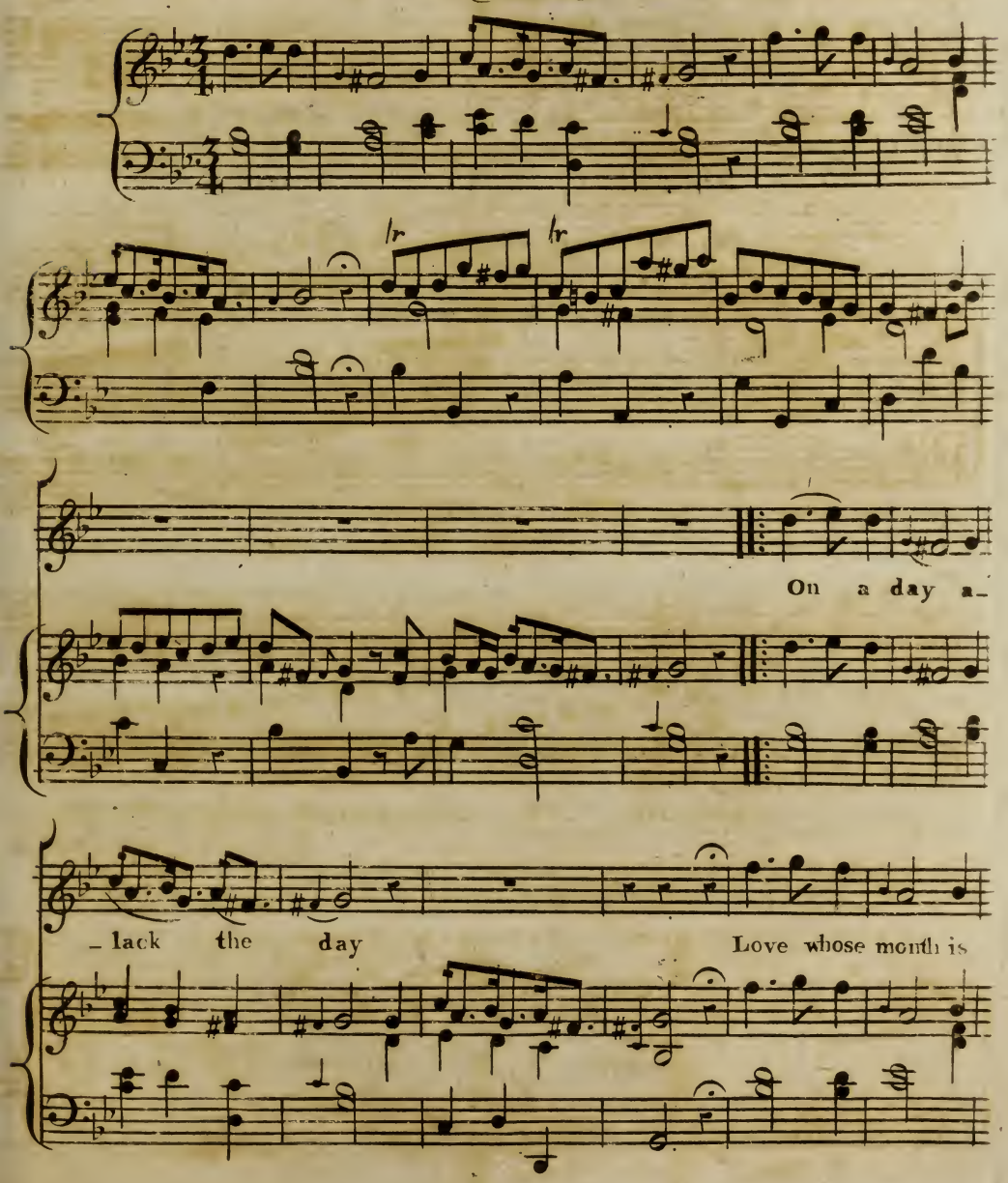
her let us garlands bring. To her let us garlands bring.

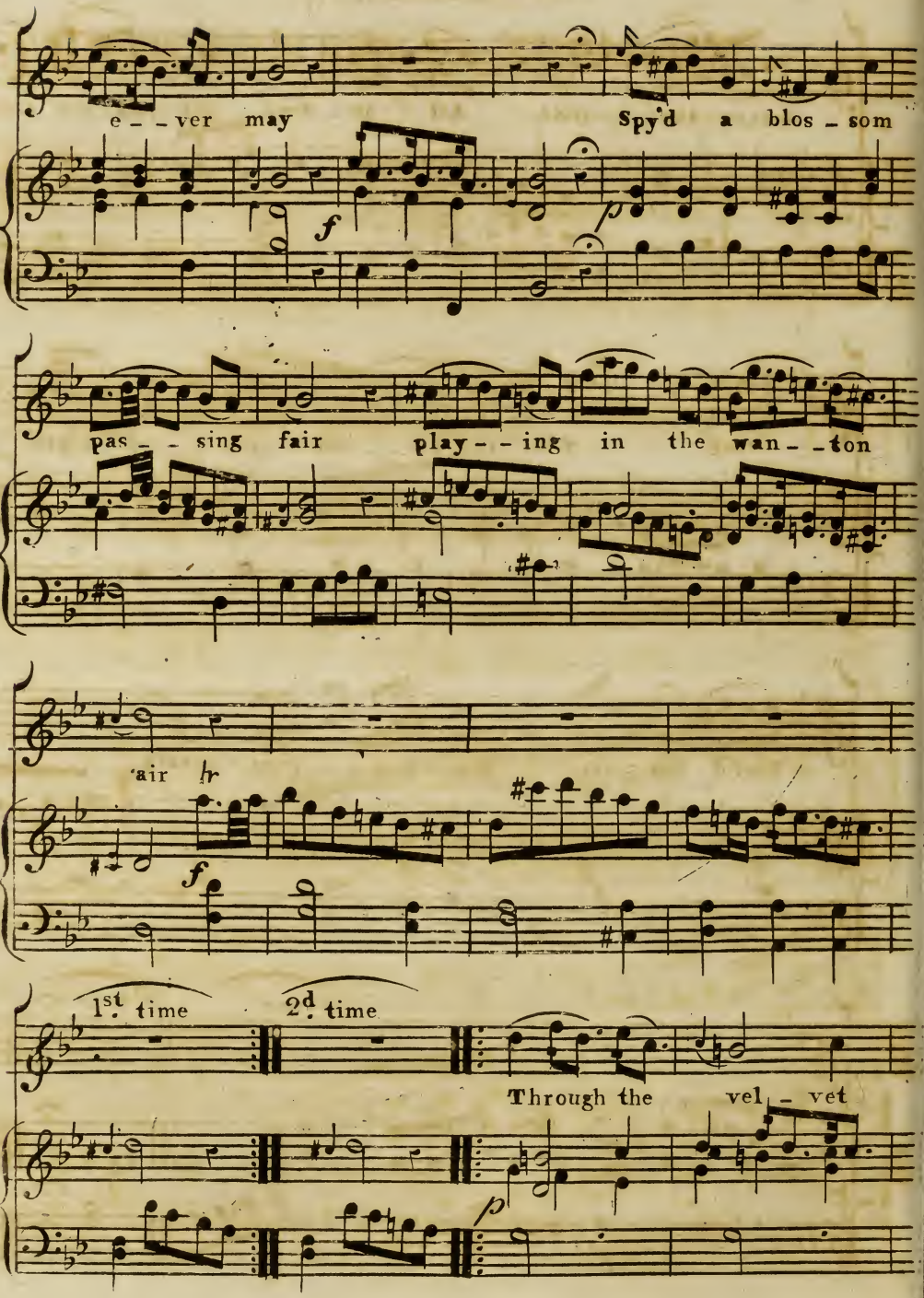
her let us garlands bring. To her let us garlands bring.

dolce *p*

ON A DAY ALACK THE DAY,

Composed by Dr. Arne. Arranged by J. Addison.




e - - ver may
Spy'd a blos - som
f
p
pas - - sing fair play - - ing in the wan - - ton
air
fr
f
1st time
2d time
Through the vel - vet
p

leaves the wind All un - seen gan pas - - sage

find That the Lo - - ver sick to death

Wish'd him - self the hea - - vens breath.

1st time 2d time

ON A DAY ALACK THE DAY!

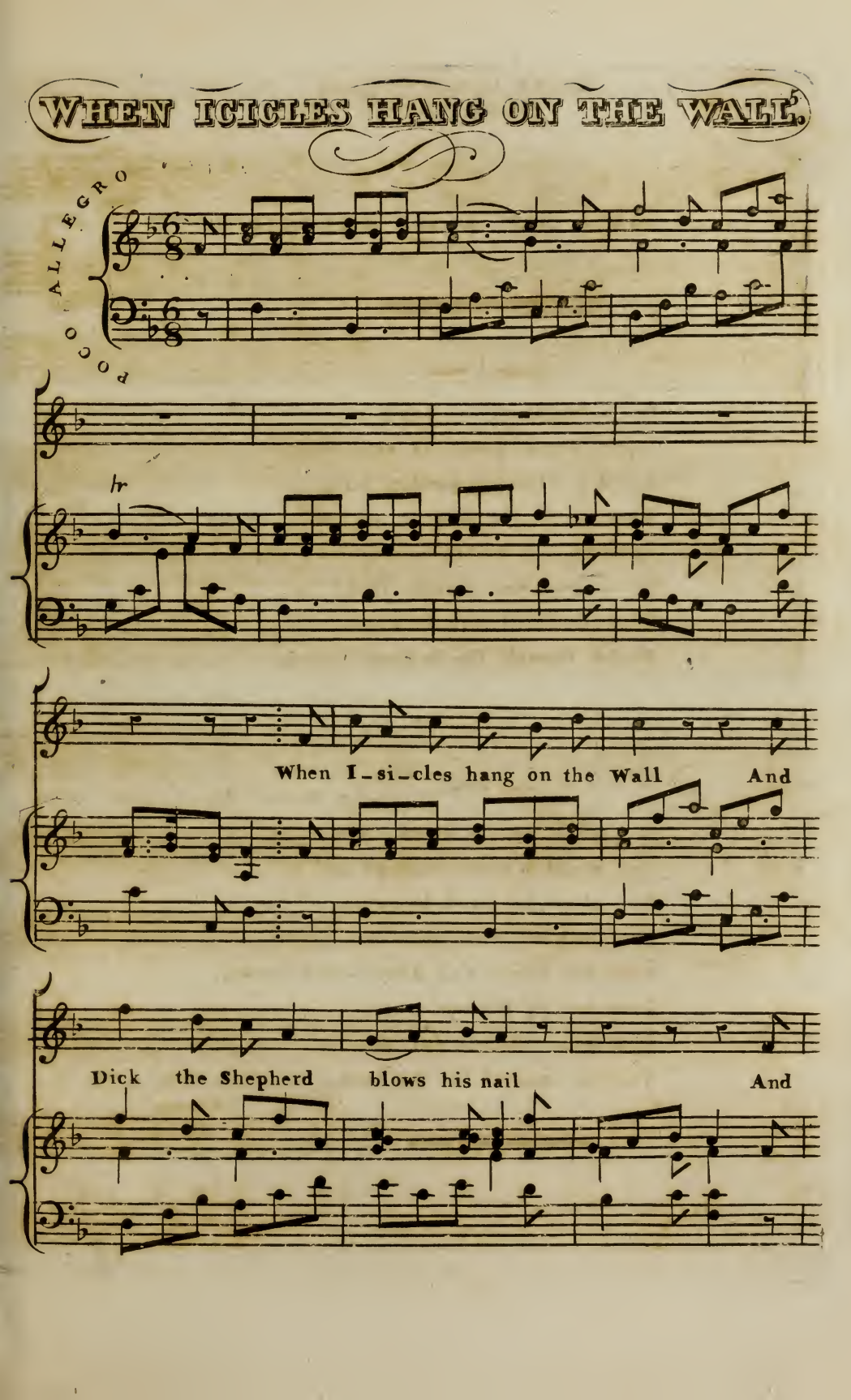
— 1 —

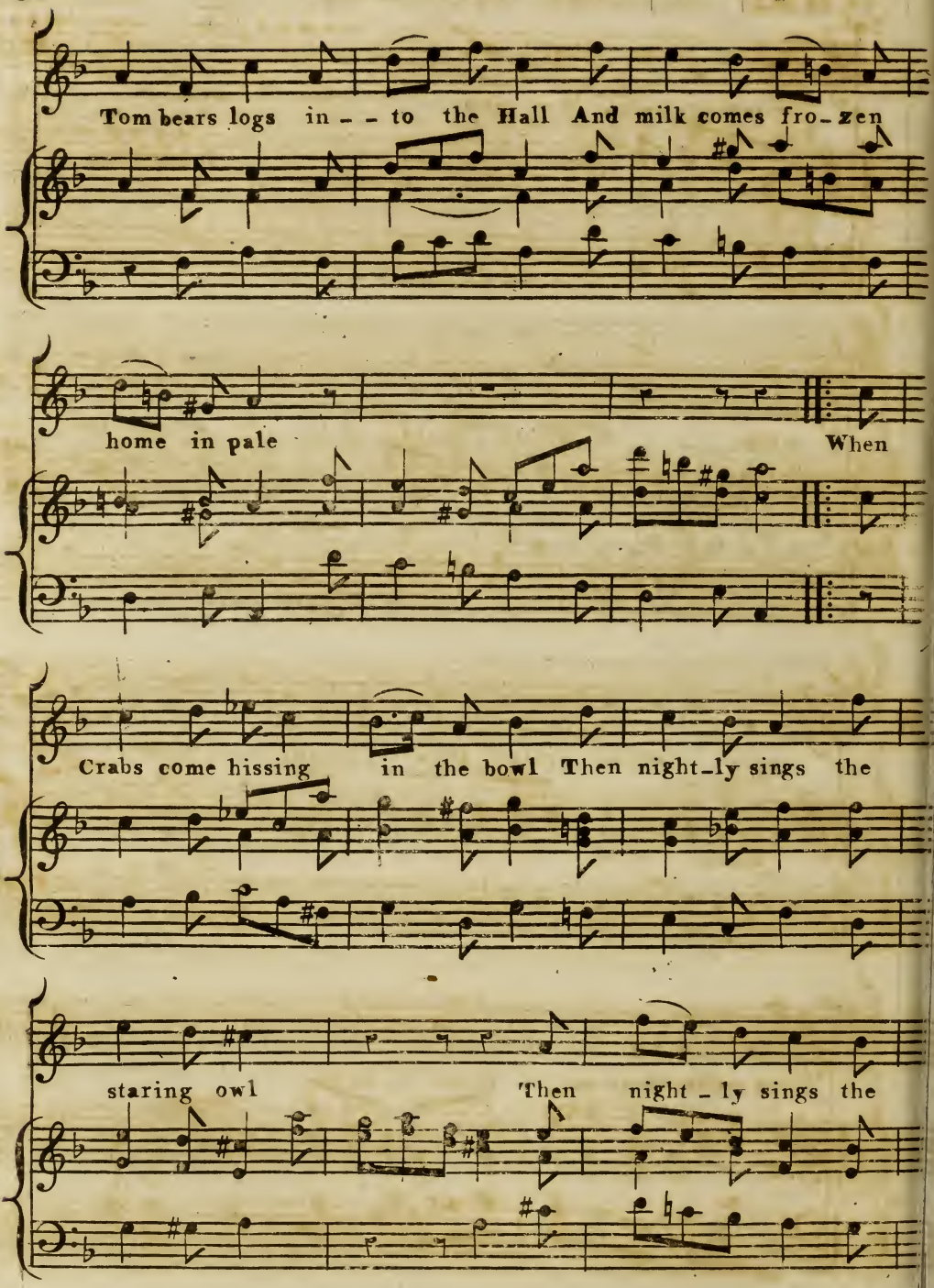
On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

— 2 —

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

WHEN ICICLES HANG ON THE WALL.




Tom bears logs in - - to the Hall And milk comes fro - zen
home in pale
When
Crabs come hissing in the bowl Then night - ly sings the
staring owl
Then night - ly sings the

staring owl Tee whit Tee whoo Tee

whoo A merry merry note a merry merry

note While greazy Joan greazy Joan While greazy Joan doth

keel the pot.

WHEN ICICLES HANG ON THE WALL

— 1 —

When Icicles hang on the Wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To who;
Tu whit, to who, a merry note,
While greazy Joan doth keel the pot.

— 2 —

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parsons saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marians nose looks red and raw
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be fowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To who;
Tu whit, to who, a merry note,
While greazy Joan doth keel the pot.

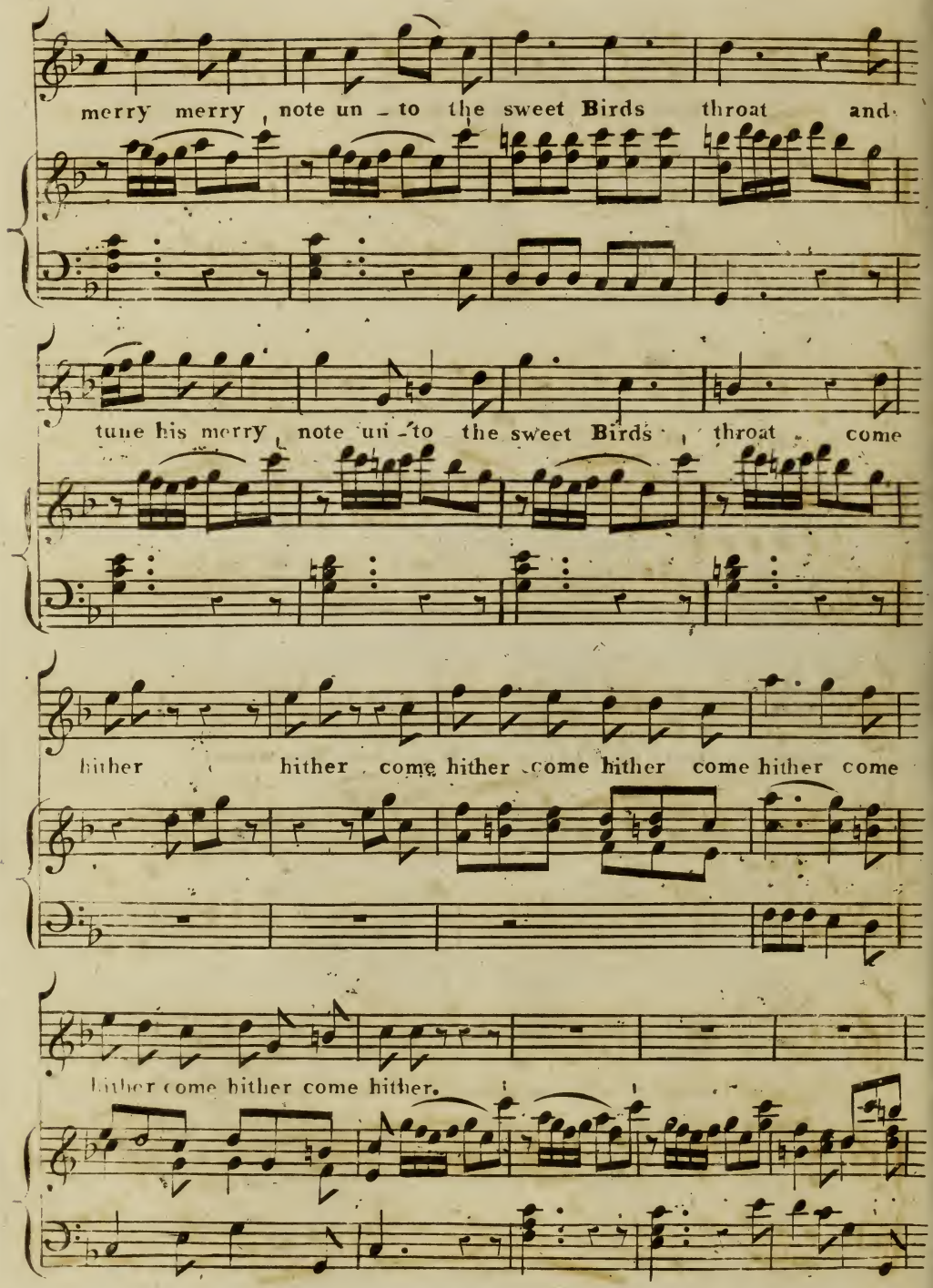
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Composed by Dr. Arne. —— Arranged by J. Addison

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

Un-der the Greenwood Tree, Who

loves to live with me And tune his merry note his


merry merry note un - to the sweet Birds throat and
tune his merry note un - to the sweet Birds throat come
hither hither come hither come hither come hither come
hither come hither come hither.

Here shall he see no E-ne-my But winter and rough

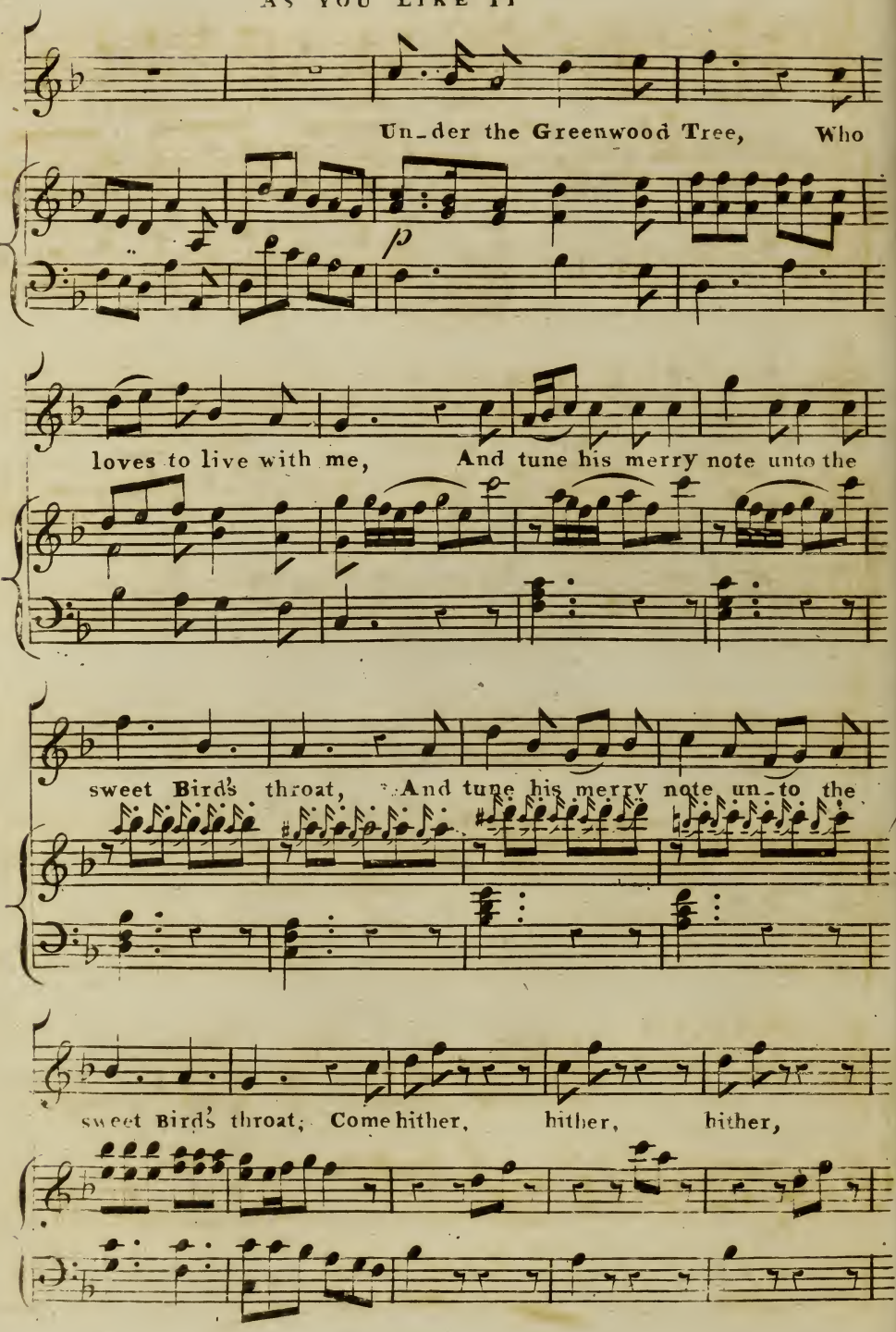
weather Here shall he see no E-ne-my But winter and rough

f

weather Here shall he see no E-ne-my But winter But

f

winter and rough weather rough weather But winter and rough weather

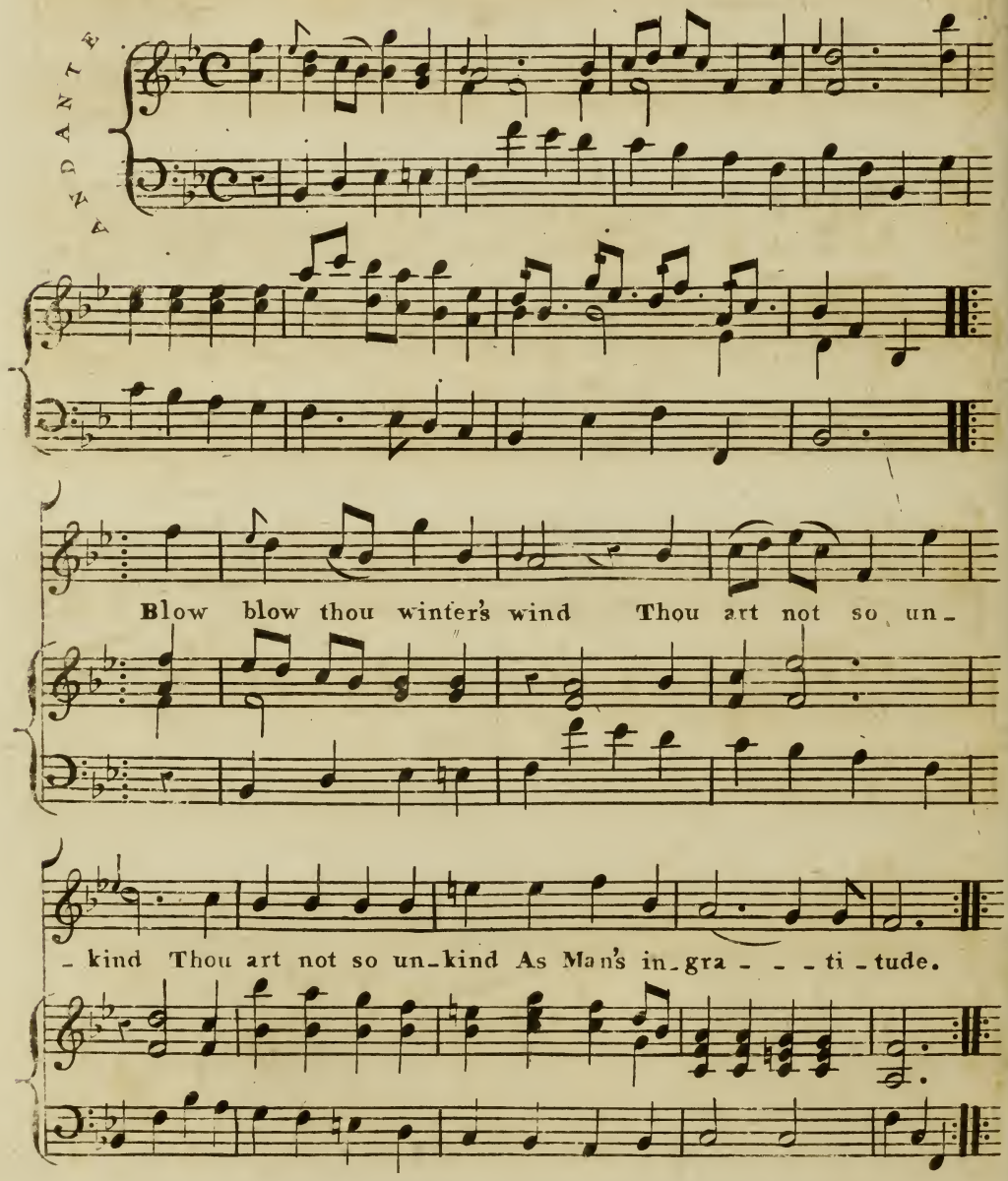

Un_der the Greenwood Tree, Who
p
loves to live with me, And tune his merry note unto the
sweet Bird's throat, And tune his merry note un_to the
sweet Bird's throat; Come hither, hither, hither,

hi_ther come hi_ther come hi_ther come hi_ther come hi_ther come

hi_ther come hi_ther come hi_ther.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER'S WIND.

Comp.d by Dr. Arne. Arranged by J. Addison.



Thy tooth is not so keen - - - Be_cause thou art not seen Thy

tooth is not so keen - - Be_cause thou art not seen Al_

though thy breath be rude Although thy breath be rude - - - - Al

_though thy breath be rude.

BLOW BLOW THOU WINTER'S WIND

1

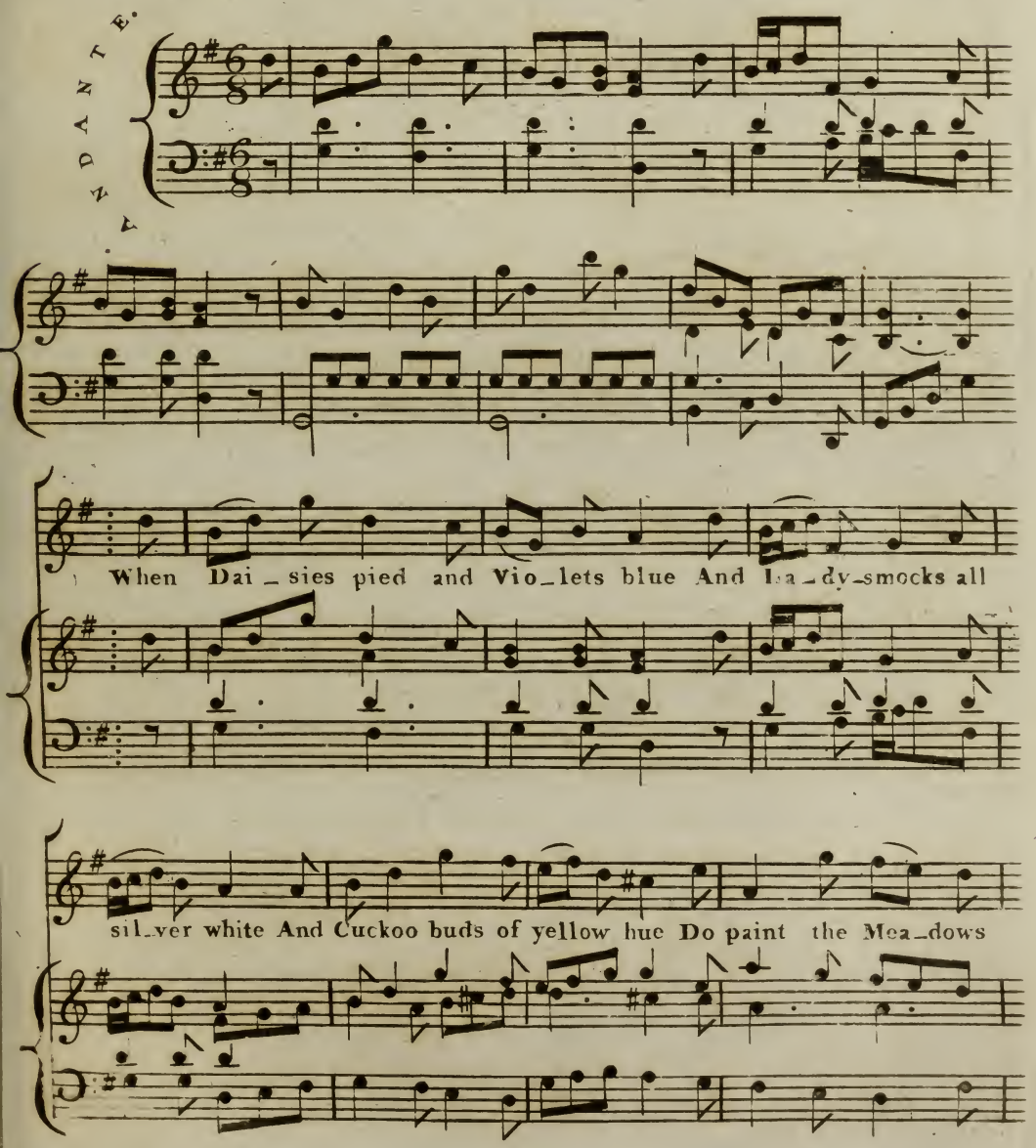
Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As Man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

2

Freeze, Freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot,
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remember'd not.

WHEN DAISIES PIED.

Comp.d by Dr. Arne. Arrang'd by J. Addison.



with delight The Cuckoo then on

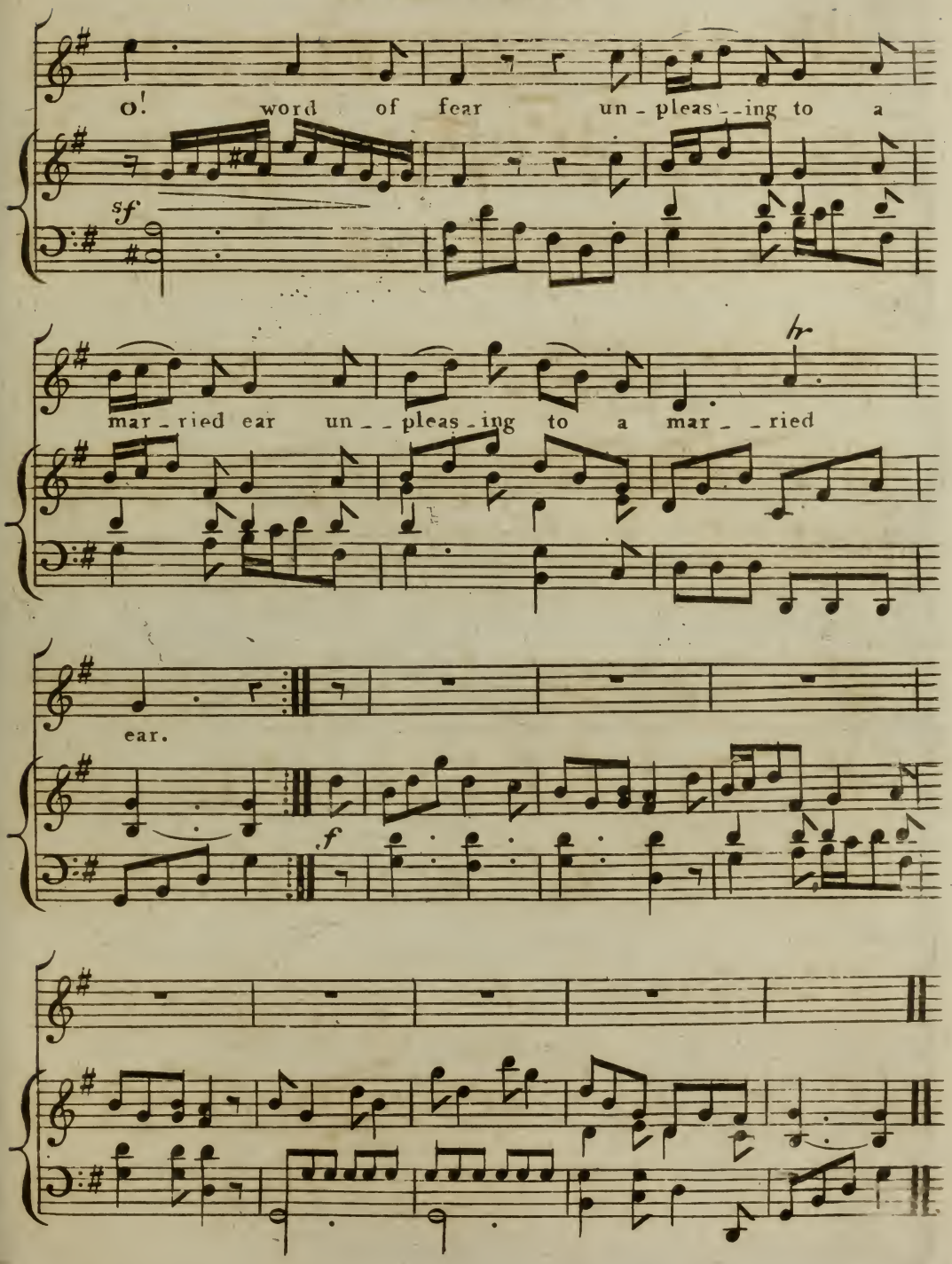
f *p*

ev_ry tree mocks married men mocks married men

mocks married men and thus sings she Cuckoo Cuckoo

Cuckoo Cuckoo O! word of fear

sf


O! word of fear un - pleas - ing to a
sf
mar - ried ear un - pleas - ing to a mar - ried
hr
ear.
f

WHEN DAISIES PIED

I

When Daisies pied and Violets blue.
And Ladysmocks all silver white
And Crocas buds of yellow hue
Do paint the Meadows with delight
The Cuckoo then on evry Tree
Mocks married-Men for thus sings she
Cuckoo Cuckoo .O word of fear
Unpleasing to a married ear

II

When Shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry locks are Plowmans clocks
And Turtles tread and Rooks and Daws
And Maidens bleach their summer smocks
The Cuckoo then &c

WHAT SHALL HE HAVE THAT KILL'D THE DEER.

Composed by Std Smith. Arranged by J. Addison

ALTO or Soprano 8ve lower

What shall he have that killd the Deer?

1st TENOR.

What shall he have that killd the Deer?

2d TENOR.

His

BASS.

His

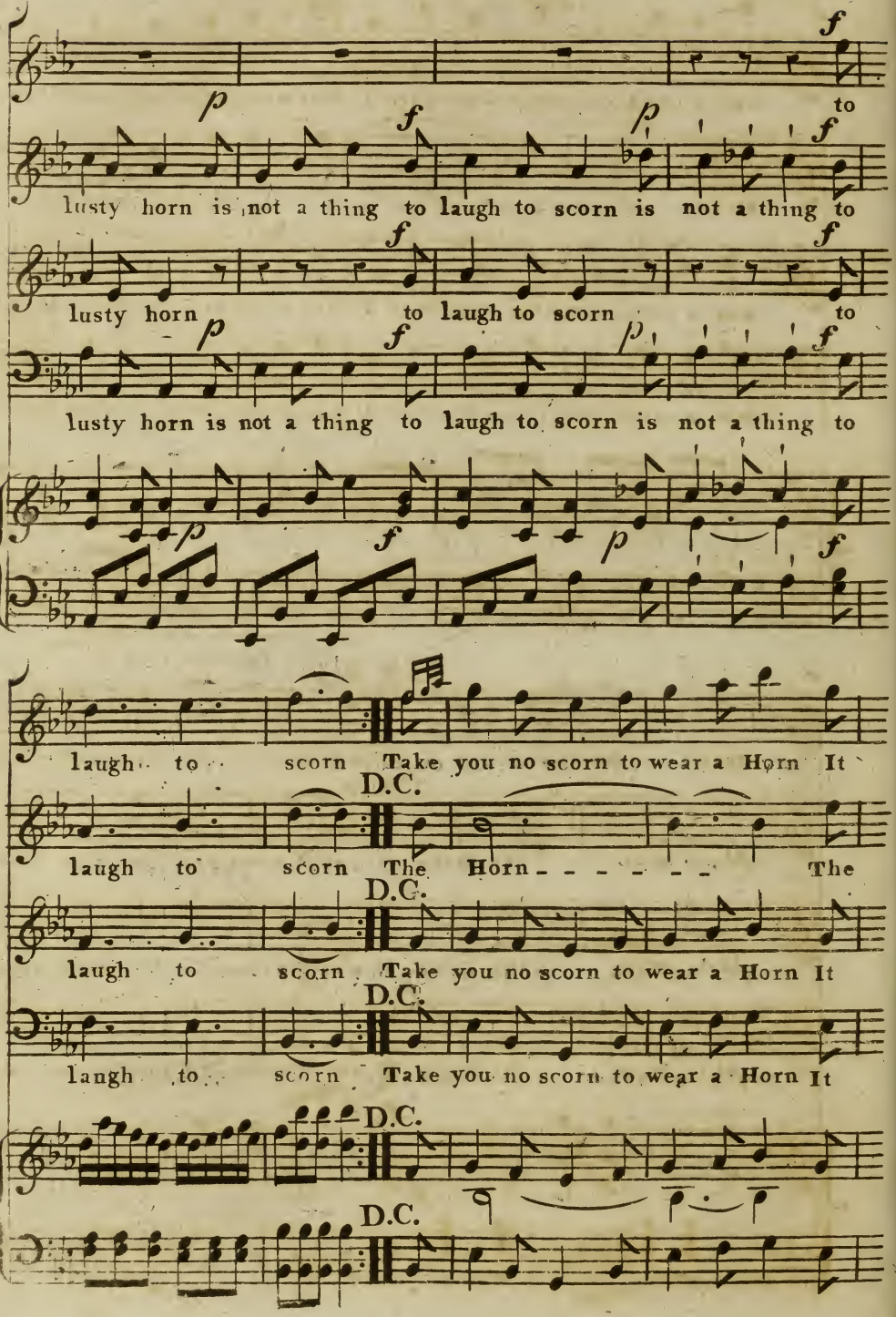
GLEE.

QUICK

The Horn the horn the

leathern skin and horns to wear the

leathern skin and horns to wear The Horn the horn the


p
f
p
f
to
lusty horn is not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
f
f
lusty horn to laugh to scorn to
p
f
p
f
lusty horn is not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
p
f
p
f
laugh to scorn Take you no scorn to wear a Horn It
D.C.
laugh to scorn The Horn - - - - - - The
D.C.
laugh to scorn Take you no scorn to wear a Horn It
D.C.
langh to scorn Take you no scorn to wear a Horn It
D.C.
D.C.

was a crest ere thou wast born It was a crest ere thou wast born the

Horn - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ere thou wast born

was a crest ere thou wast born It was a crest ere thou wast born

was a crest ere thou wast born It was a crest ere thou wast born

Repeat this Passage Pia:

f

Horn the Horn It was a crest ere thou wast born.

f

p the Horn the Horn It was a crest ere thou wast born.

f

p the Horn the Horn It was a crest ere thou wast born.

f

p the Horn the Horn It was a crest ere thou wast born.

f

Thy Father's Father bore it and thy Father wore it

thy

Thy Father's Father bore it and thy Father

bore it and thy Father wore it the Horn the

Father's Father bore it the Horn the

bore it the Horn - - -

wore it bore it and thy Father wore it the Horn - - -

p

Horn the lus-ty lus-ty Horn is not a thing to

Horn the lus-ty lus-ty Horn

p

is not a thing to

p

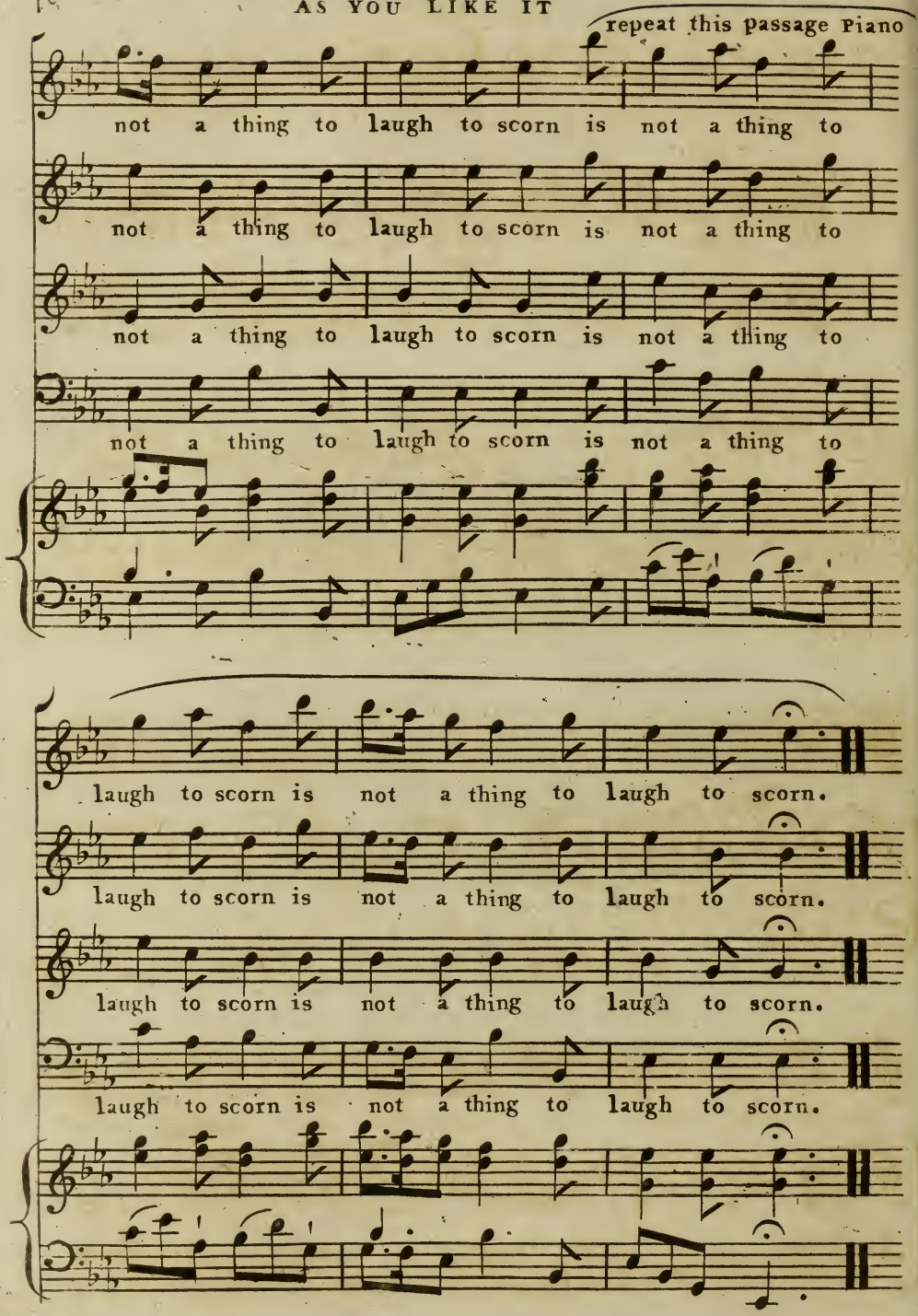
f

laugh to scorn the Horn is

f the Horn is

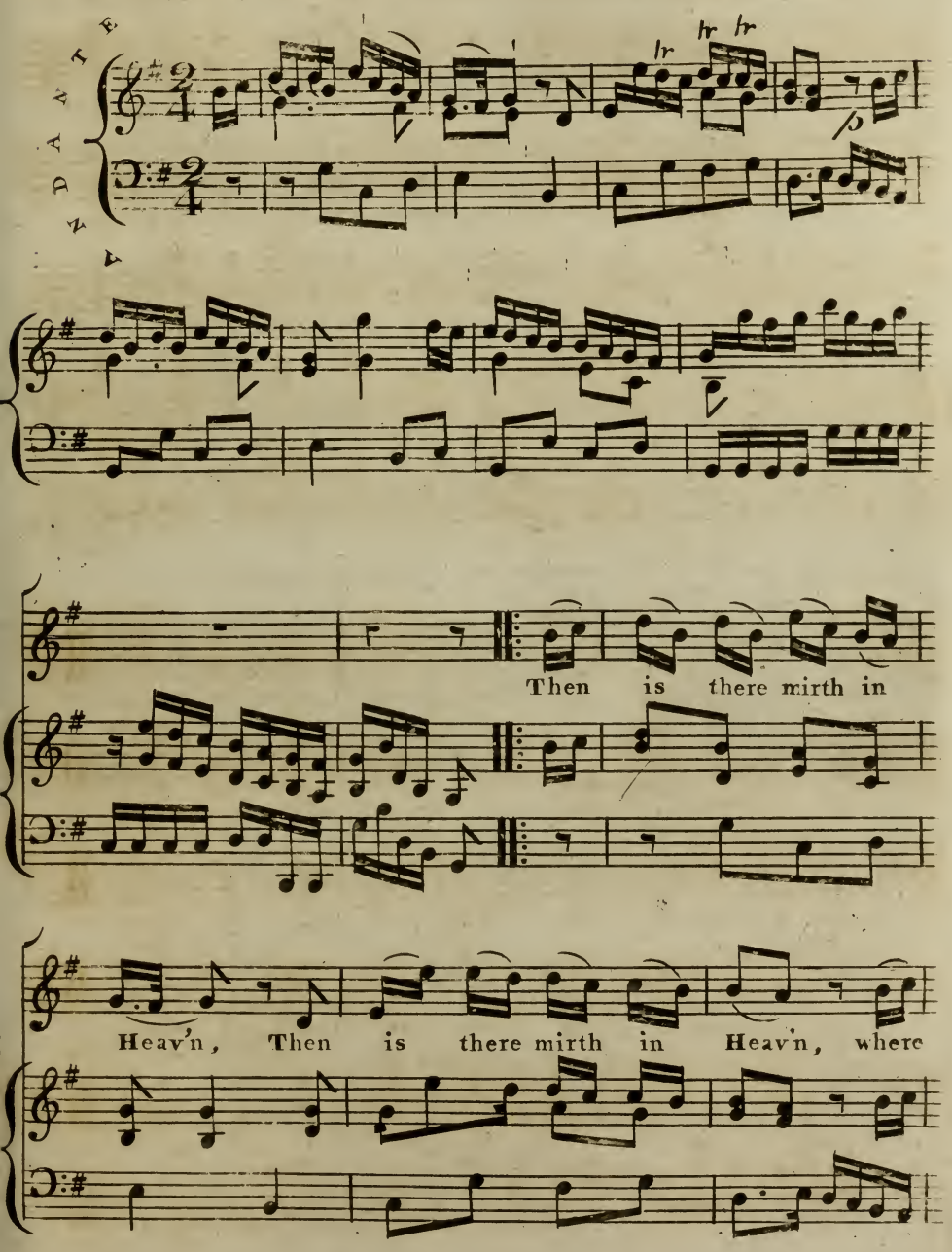
f the Horn the Horn the lusty lusty Horn is

laugh to scorn the Horn the Horn the lusty lusty Horn is


repeat this passage Piano
not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
laugh to scorn is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
laugh to scorn is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
laugh to scorn is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
laugh to scorn is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

THEN IS THERE MIRTH IN HEAV'N.

Comp^d by C. Dibdin. Arr^d by J. Addison.



earth_ly things made e_ven at_ _ tone at_tone to_

1st time S. 2d time

_ _ ge_ther ge_ther

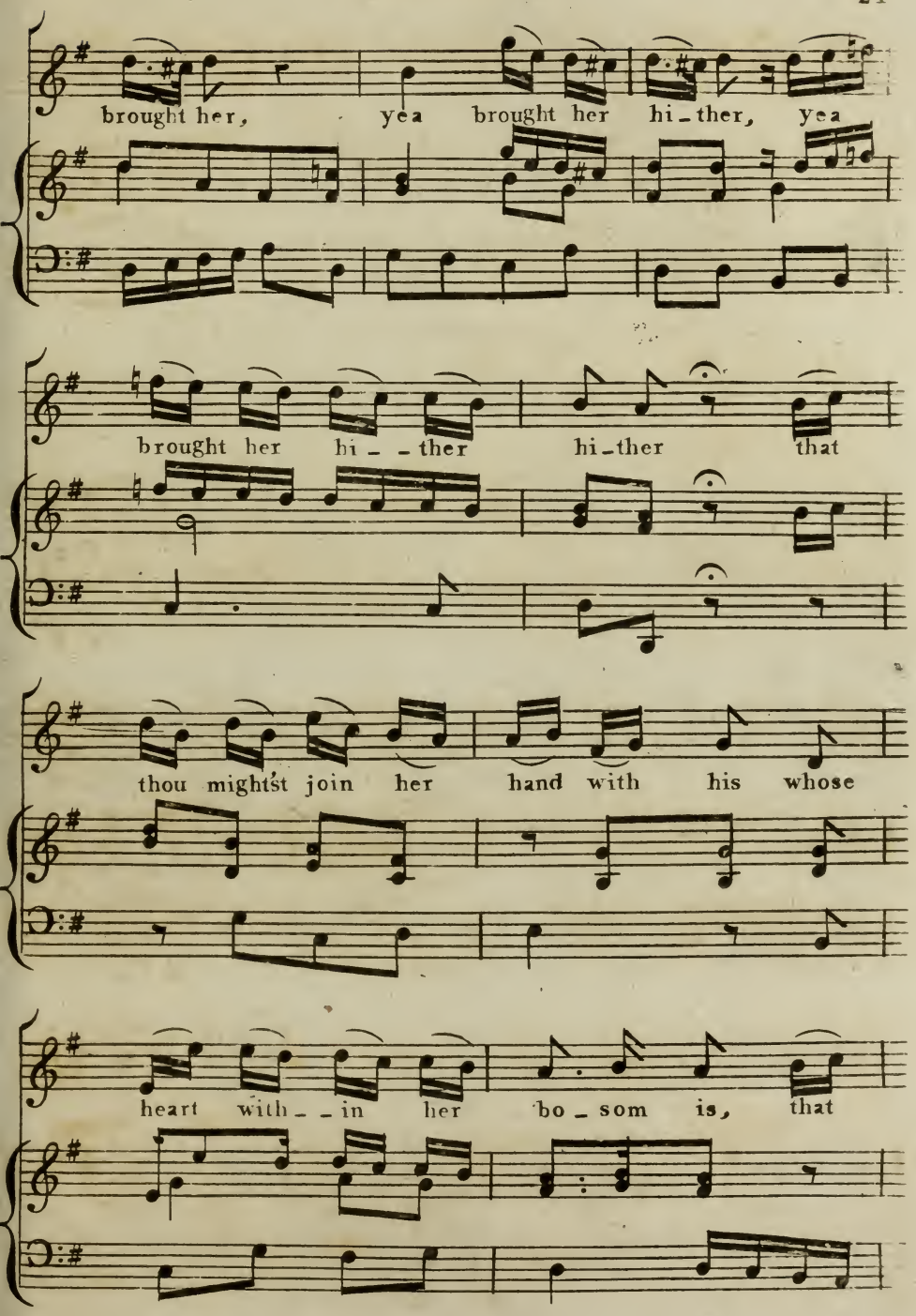
S.

Good Duke receive thy Daughter Good

f p

Duke receive thy Daughter Hymen from Heaven

f


brought her, yea brought her hi_ther, yea
brought her hi_ _ther hi_ther that
thou might'st join her hand with his whose
heart with_ _in her bo_ som is, that

thou might'st join her hand with his whose

1st. time.

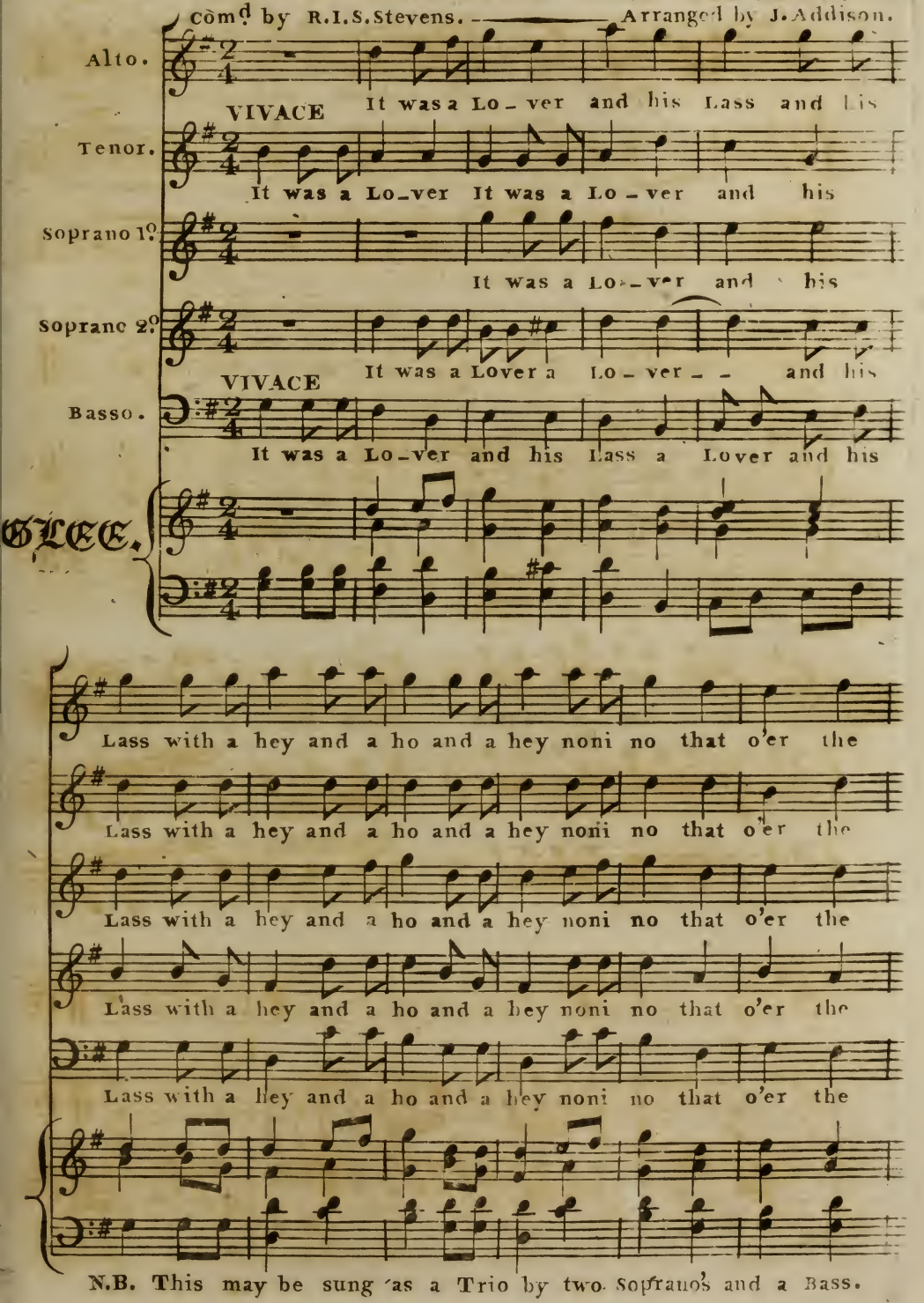
heart with - - in her bo - - som is

2d. time.

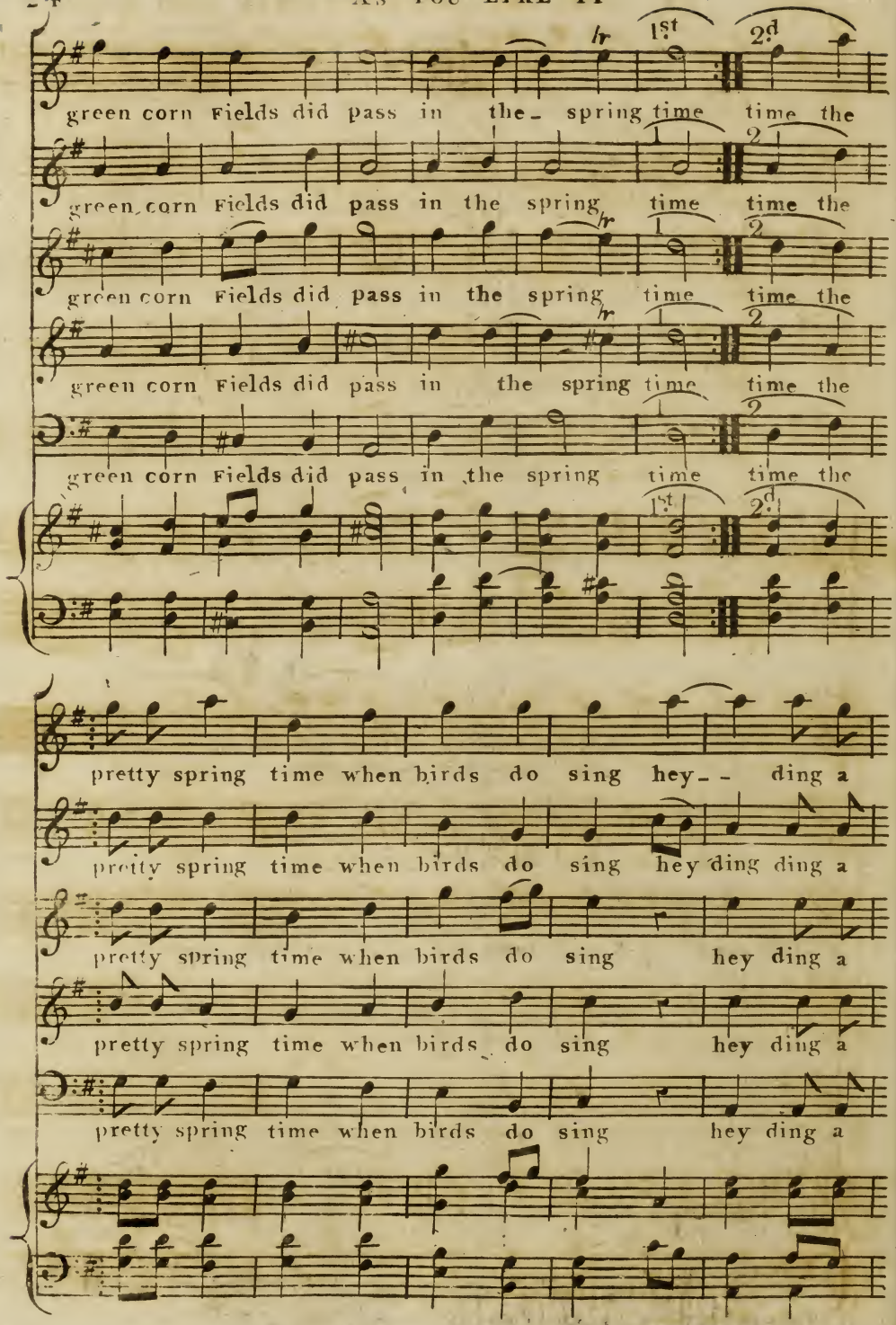
bo - som is whose heart with - - in her

bo - - som is.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.



N.B. This may be sung as a Trio by two Sopranos and a Bass.


1st
2d
green corn Fields did pass in the spring time time the
green corn Fields did pass in the spring time time the
green corn Fields did pass in the spring time time the
green corn Fields did pass in the spring time time the
green corn Fields did pass in the spring time time the
pretty spring time when birds do sing hey-- ding a
pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding ding a
pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a
pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a
pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

ding ding a ding ding a ding sweet Lo_vers love the spring

ding ding a ding ding a ding sweet Lo_vers love the spring

ding hey ding a ding sweet Lo_vers love the spring

ding ding a ding ding a ding sweet Lo_vers love the spring

ding hey ding a ding sweet Lo_vers love the spring

1st 2d

sweet Lo_vers love the spring the spring

1st 2d

sweet Lo_vers love the spring the spring And

1st 2d

sweet Lo_vers love the spring the spring

1st 2d

sweet Lo_vers love the spring the spring

1st 2d

sweet Lo_vers love the spring the spring And

1st 2d

And therefore take the pre_sent pre_sent time with a

therefore take the pre_sent time the pre_sent time with a

And therefore take the pre_sent time with a

And therefore take the pre_sente pre_sent time with a

therefore take the pre_sent time the pre_sent time with a

hey and a ho and a hey noni no for Love is

hey and a ho and a hey noni no for Love is

hey and a ho and a hey noni no for Love is

hey and a ho and a hey noni no for Love is

hey and a ho and a hey noni no for Love is

crowned with the prime in the_ _ spring time the

crowned with the prime in the spring time the

crowned with the prime in the spring time the

crowned with the prime in the_ _ spring time the

crowned with the prime in the spring time the

pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding ding a

pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

ding ding a ding ding a ding sweet Lo_vers love the

ding ding a ding ding a ding sweet Lo_vers love the

ding ding ding a ding sweet Lo_vers love the

ding ding a ding ding a ding sweet Lo_vers love the

ding ding ding a ding sweet Lo_vers love the

spring sweet Lo_vers love the spring.

spring sweet Lo_vers love the spring.

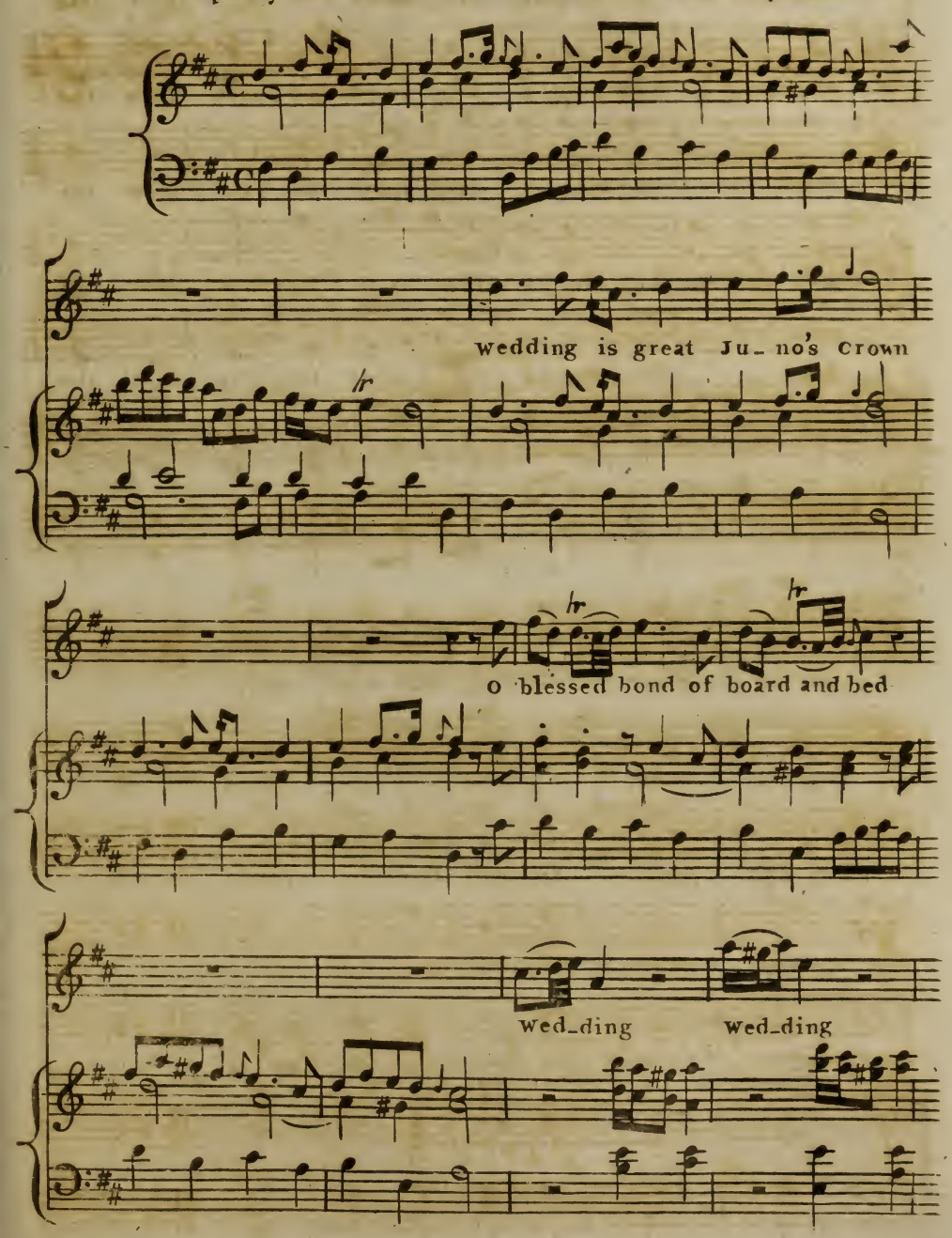
spring sweet Lo_vers love the spring.

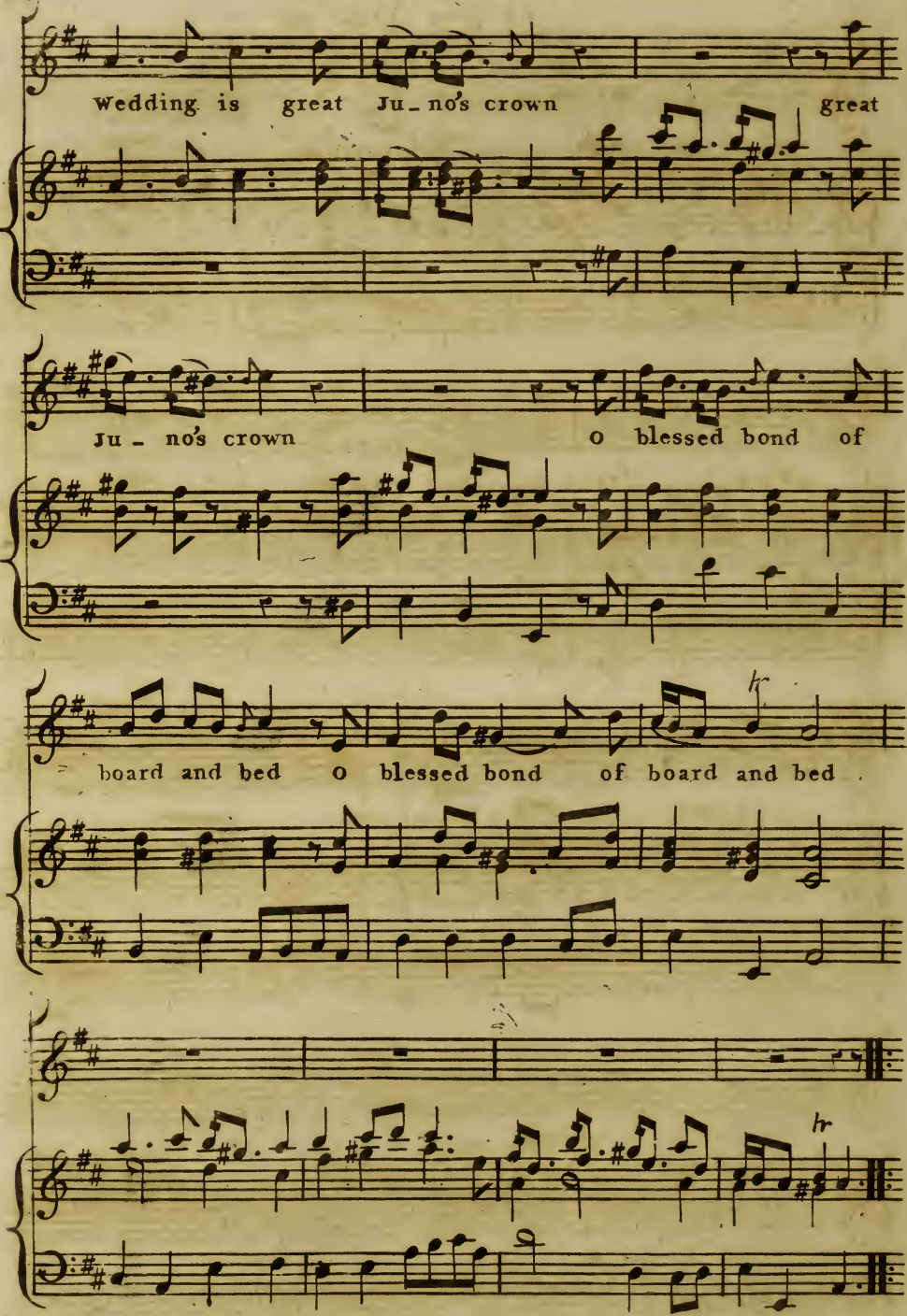
spring sweet Lo_vers love the spring.

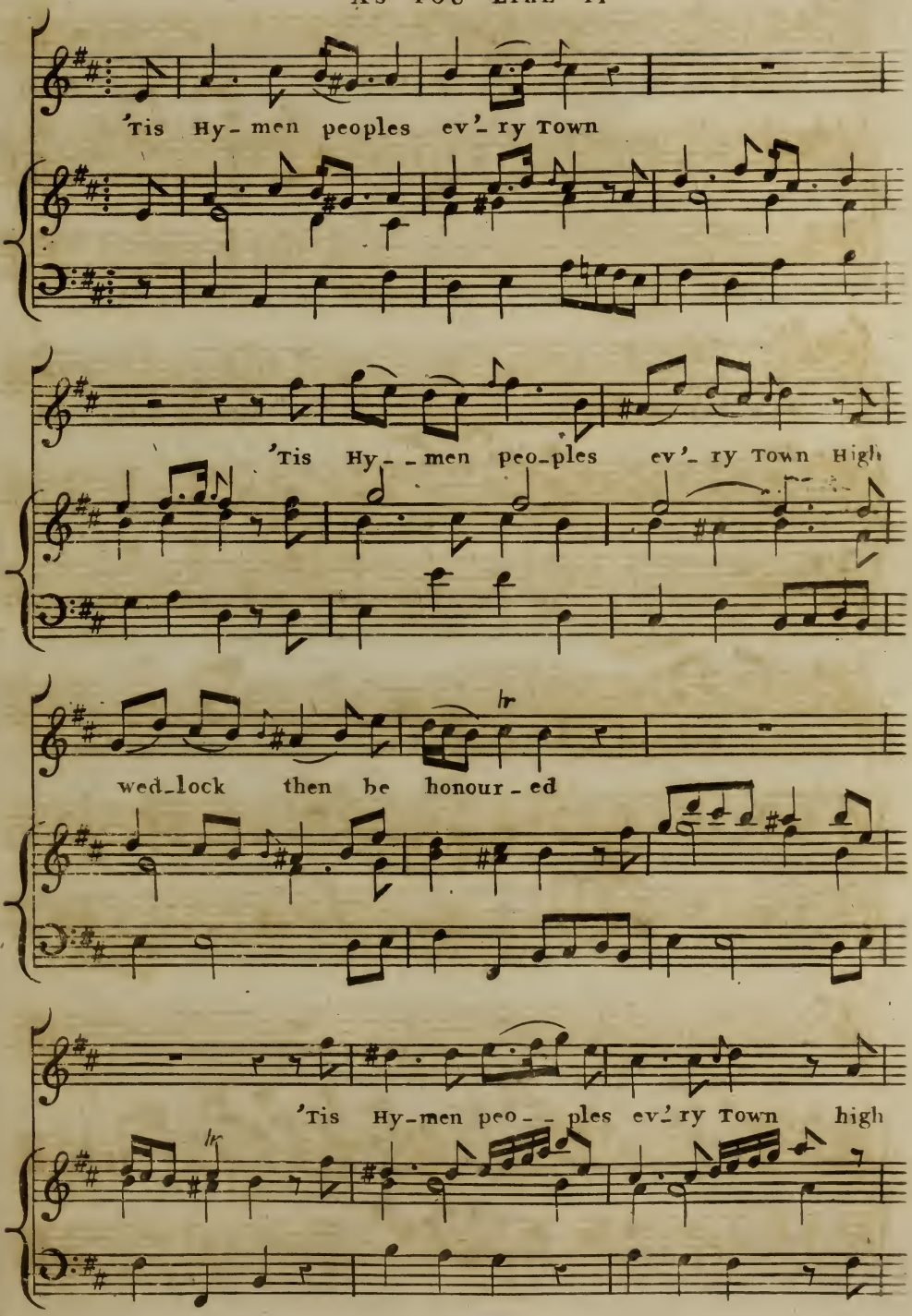
spring sweet Lo_vers love the spring.

WEDDING IS GREAT JUNO'S CROWN.

Comp.d by T. Chilcott. Arranged by J. Addison.




Wedding is great Ju_no's crown great
Ju_no's crown O blessed bond of
board and bed O blessed bond of board and bed


'Tis Hy- men peoples ev'- ry Town
'Tis Hy- - men peo-ples ev'- ry Town High
wed-lock then be honour - ed
'Tis Hy-men peo- - ples ev'- ry Town high

wedlock then be ho - nour - ed 'Tis

Hy - men peoples ev'ry Town High wed - lock then be

1st hr 2d

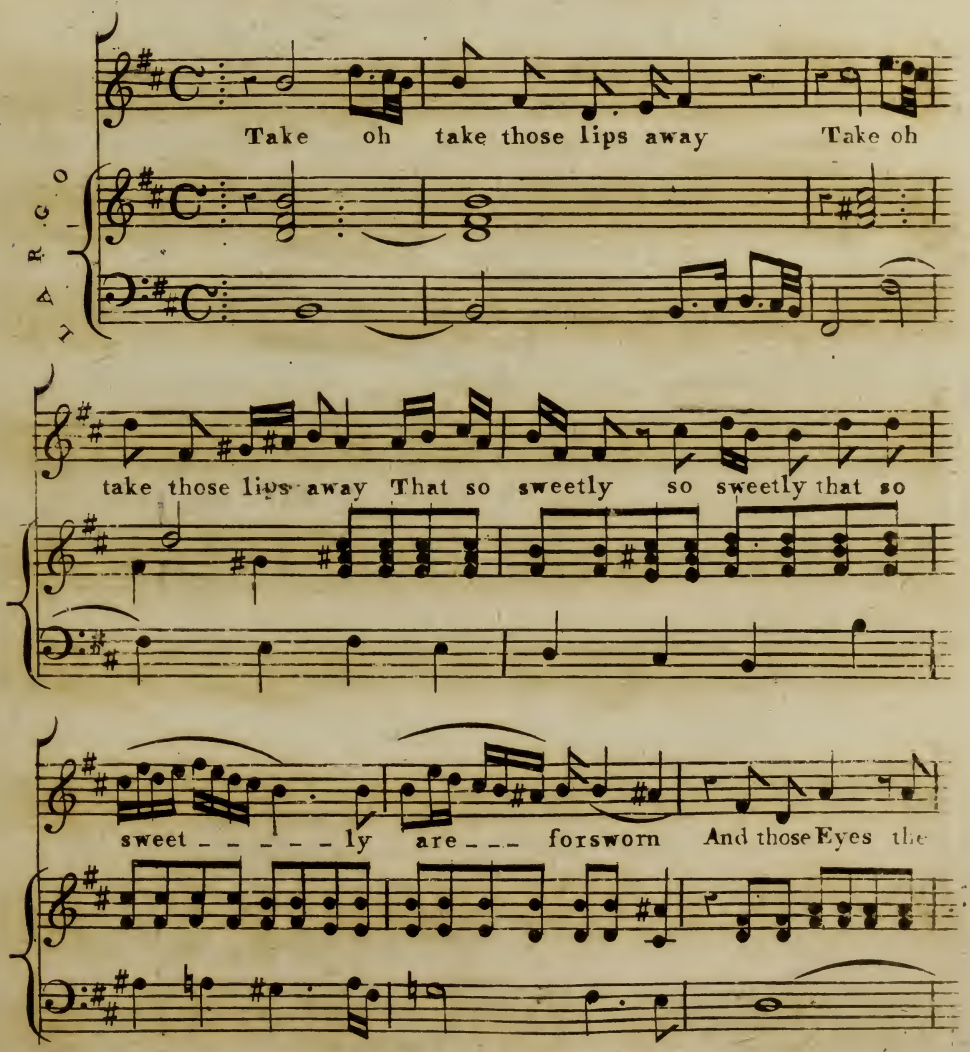
ho - nour - ed. honour - ed.

hr

TAKE OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

Composed by Weldon. Arranged by J. Addison.

Act 4. Scene 1.



break - - - - - - - of day Lights that do mis-

- - lead - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - the

1st. time 2d. time

morn morn But my kis - ses

bring a - - gain But my kis-ses bring a - - gain

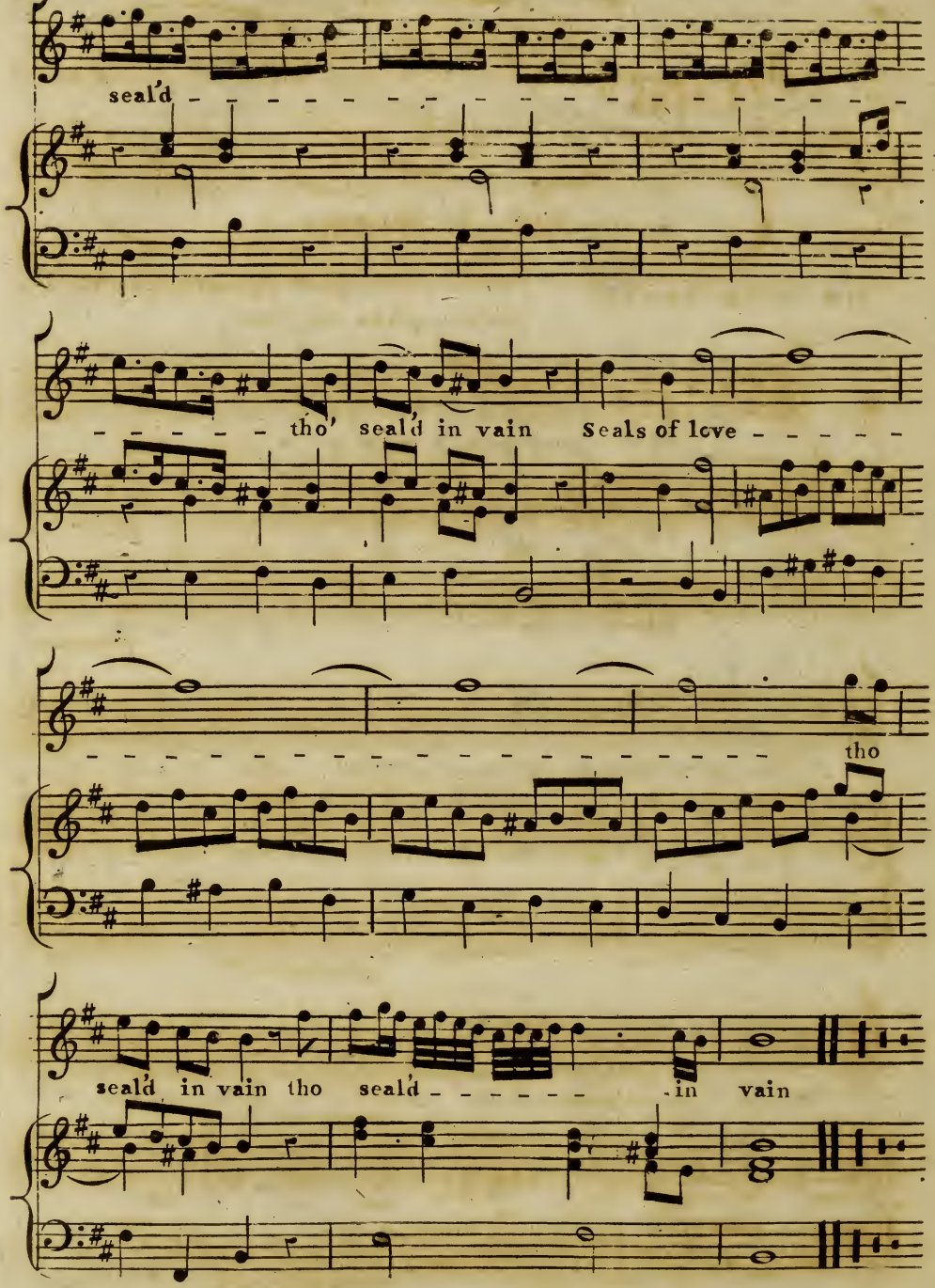
bring bring bring bring bring - - - - -

- - - a - gain

f

But my kis - ses bring a - gain But my kis - ses

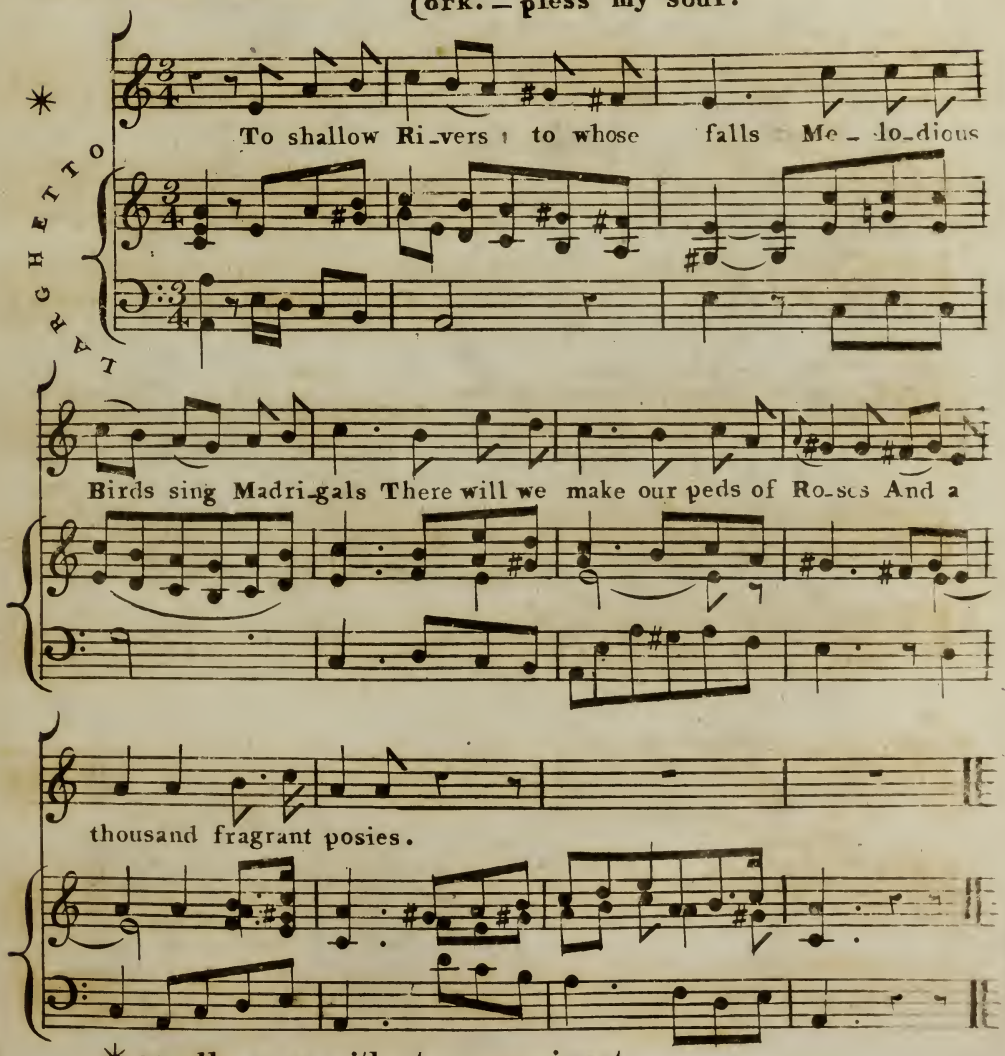
bring a - - gain Seals of love Seals of love tho


seal'd
tho' seal'd in vain Seals of love
tho
seal'd in vain tho seal'd in vain

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act 3. Scene 1.

SIR HUGH EVANS. {When I have good opportunities for the 'ork: — pless my Soul!

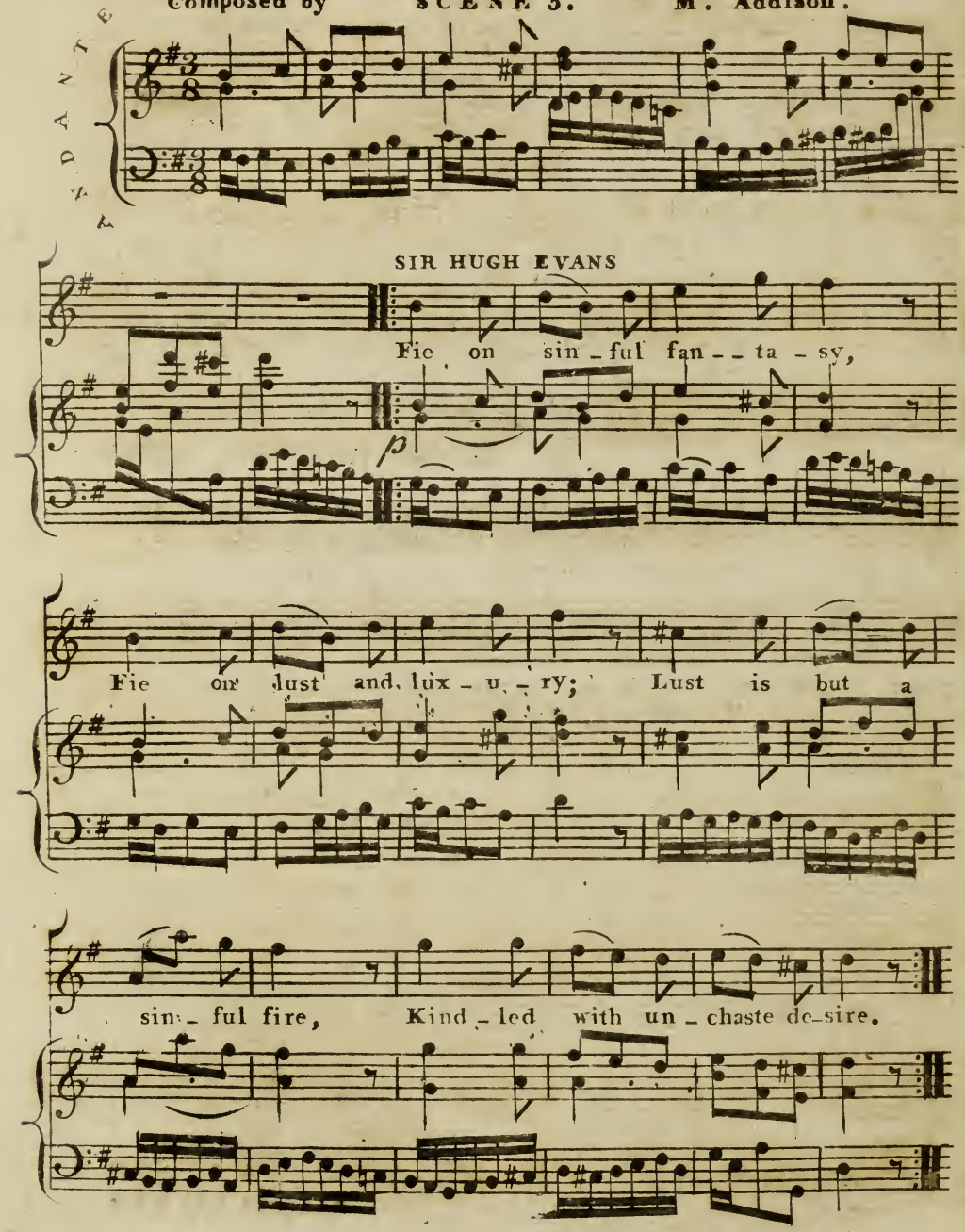


✳ usually sung without accompaniment.

FIE ON SINFUL FANTASY.

Act 5.

Composed by SCENE 5. Mr. Addison.



Fed in heart, whose flames as - pire As thoughts do

cres

blow them higher and higher, Pinch him, Fairies, mu - tual - -

f *p*

- ly; Pinch him for his vil - lain - - ny.

CHORUS

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him a - - bout, Till

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him a - - bout, Till

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him a - - bout, Till

f

can-dles, and starlight, and moonlight be out. Till

can-dles, and starlight, and moonlight be out. Till

can-dles, and starlight, and moonlight be out. Till

can-dles, and starlight, and moonlight be out.

can-dles, and starlight, and moonlight be out.

can-dles, and starlight, and moonlight be out.

f

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